The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIII NO. 14 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1936 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

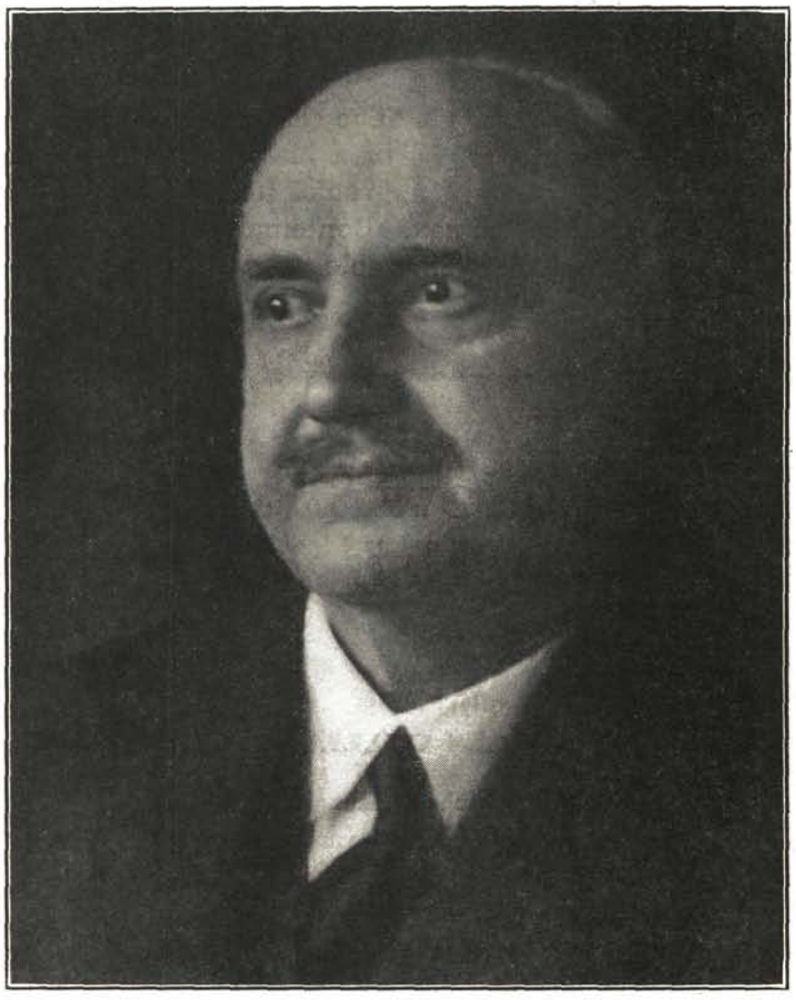
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Reviews "The Last Puritan" by George Santayana

DAVID OWEN
Reviews "Lafayette" by Andreas Latzko

MILTON WALDMAN
Reviews "Mary Tudor" by Beatrice White

MARGARET WIDDEMER
"Paragraph"—a poem

JOHN PALMER GAVIT
Reviews "Abram S. Hewitt" by Allan Nevins



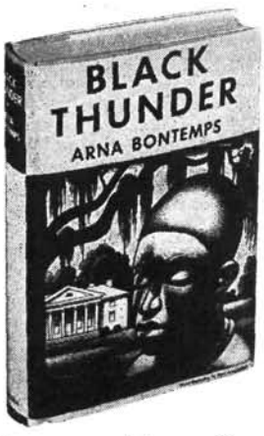
GEORGE SANTAYANA

"A book worth attacking, worth defending, worth digesting, a book which may become a controversy in American literature, like 'The Education of Henry Adams,' like 'Moby Dick,' to both of which it is subtly related by resemblance and contrast" . . . *(See page 3)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Black Thunder

By ARNA BONTEMPS



A novel of distinction, its focal point an historic episode which might have completely altered the course and composition of the American nation!

* * *

The slave insurrection in Virginia in 1800, with the erection of a black empire as its object, furnishes a dramatic background for the story which moves with undiminished power to a crashing climax. Bontemps' style is almost lyrical and his characters, white and black, are memorable. $2.50

The New Book of English Verse

edited by

CHARLES WILLIAMS

An anthology which, at last, gives a real idea of the magnitude and variety of English poetry throughout the years. Poems which appear in either *The Golden Treasury* or *The Oxford Book of Verse* have been omitted; otherwise literary excellence has been the only criterion for selection. $3.00

Fascism and National Socialism

By MICHAEL FLORINSKY

A comparative study of the economic and social policies of the present German and Italian regimes; and of how such policies were evolved. $2.50

Mary Tudor

By BEATRICE WHITE

A biography, well documented and illustrated, which gives a vivid, unbiased account not only of the frustrated, unhappy queen but of her important contemporaries. $6.00

At all Bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue **New York**

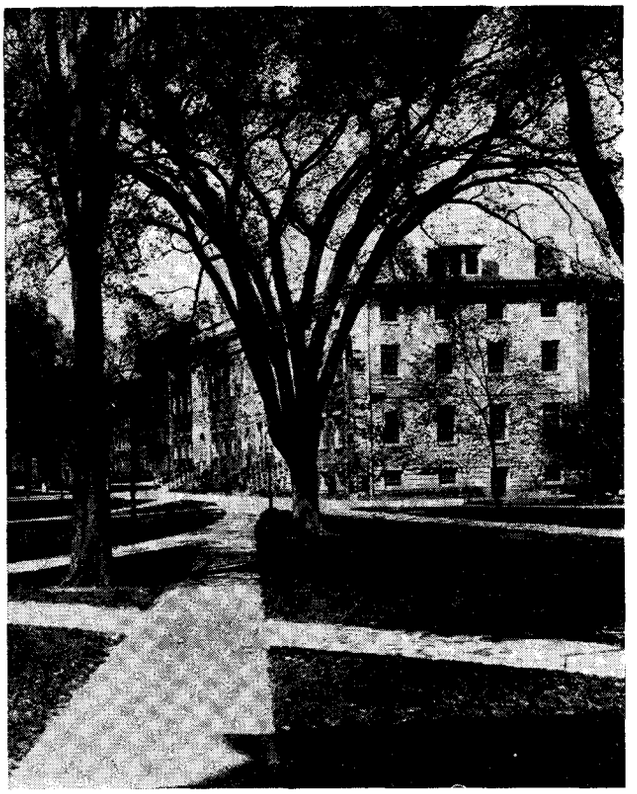
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Education of a Puritan

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

HERE at last after many months is a Book*—a book worth attacking, worth defending, worth digesting, a book which may become a controversy in American literature, like "The Education of Henry Adams," like "Moby Dick," to both of which it is subtly related by resemblance and contrast.

Santayana calls it "a memoir in the form of a novel." As a memoir, and it can be read that way, it is the record of a philosopher's thirty years of experience with youth and with America. Here is one of the subtlest minds of our time, a Latin of the Catholic tradition, an artist in English prose of the very first rank, perhaps the premier man-of-letters in English who is not a famous poet, not a dramatist at all, not till now a novelist. Here is a philosopher by profession who in his long career in the Protestant, and sometime Puritan, university of Harvard, emphasized no system but wrought intensely upon the picked minds of generation after generation of undergraduates. And here is the author of that slippery and difficult discourse in two volumes upon "Skepticism and Animal Faith," and the wholly delightful "Soliloquies in England," who now applies the philosophy of the first to his American experience, which was so much deeper and longer than his English sojourns. And indeed it will be a question in the minds of those who read this book as memoir, whether George Santayana is not more American than he himself realizes, whether, indeed, he is not one of those enlightened immigrants whose sympathetic criticism of the American way of life becomes part of our tradition, making it less English, less Protestant and Puritan, but not thereby less American.



HARVARD YARD AND UNIVERSITY HALL

"The Last Puritan" is "in the form of a novel." Nothing could be more surprising to those who think of Santayana as a speculative intellect above the turmoil of everyday life, nothing could be more natural if one remembers the great tradition of the novel in English. Since the eighteenth century it has been into the flexible narrative form of a long story—usually a biographical story—that writers in English have again and again unloaded their burden of a lifetime of philosophic observation. "Tom Jones" is furnished with a complete dialectics; "Tristram Shandy" is speculative to the point of fantasy; George Eliot's philosophical determinism has weighed down her novels below the level of contemporary interest; "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" is in conception and execution a close parallel to "The Last Puritan"; and there is Hawthorne's skepticism, Melville's transcendentalism, Pater's estheticism, all seeking a medium in the long story. Nor should our current interests blind us to the fact that while the born story-tellers go on with sheer narrative, the thinkers and would-be thinkers of our day are using the novel to air theories of proletarian government or of socialistic revolution, while the philosophy of behaviorism lies behind a hundred current novels which have no plot, no rounded characters, no significance except their faithful transcript of how twentieth century people behave when prodded by a novelist's pen. If an elderly philosopher takes to novel writing he is within his rights and proper expectation; the question is, does he succeed?

As a novel, "The Last Puritan" violates all the textbook rules but two. It has no plot, but only a biographical story, much interrupted. It has no dialogue as the modern understands dialogue, but only the gifted Mr. Santayana somewhat apologetically making situations articulate when the characters were too young or too reticent to say what they obscurely felt and would have liked to mean. Hence, with the exception of the Vicar's wife, who speaks her country dialect, all and sundry—the tongue-tied Oliver, hero of the story, the irrepressible Mario, light and liberated soul from the Catholic tradition, Lord Jim the un-Puritan sea captain, the grim matriarch, mother of Oliver, Peter, his father, lovely Rose the English Puritan girl, whose spirituality has been spilled out of a mind otherwise companioned with Oliver's—all speak in the dulcet and subtly varied English of Santayana, which is flexible, true to the situation, witty, and exquisite—and unrealistic to a degree which will make those perversely weary of excessive realism clap hands and reread. The arrogance, the insolence of a novelist who dares write a two-page soliloquy for a sixteen-year-old boy which is a model of intricate statement, saying at the end, this is what Oliver thought, although he could not express it! Neither could anyone else, except Santayana.

Nor has "The Last Puritan" a love story. "And how, my dear Vanny, how

Next Week

THE EXILE
By PEARL BUCK
Reviewed by Sherwood Eddy

INSIDE EUROPE
By JOHN GUNTHER
Reviewed by Dorothy Thompson

* *THE LAST PURITAN. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.75.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

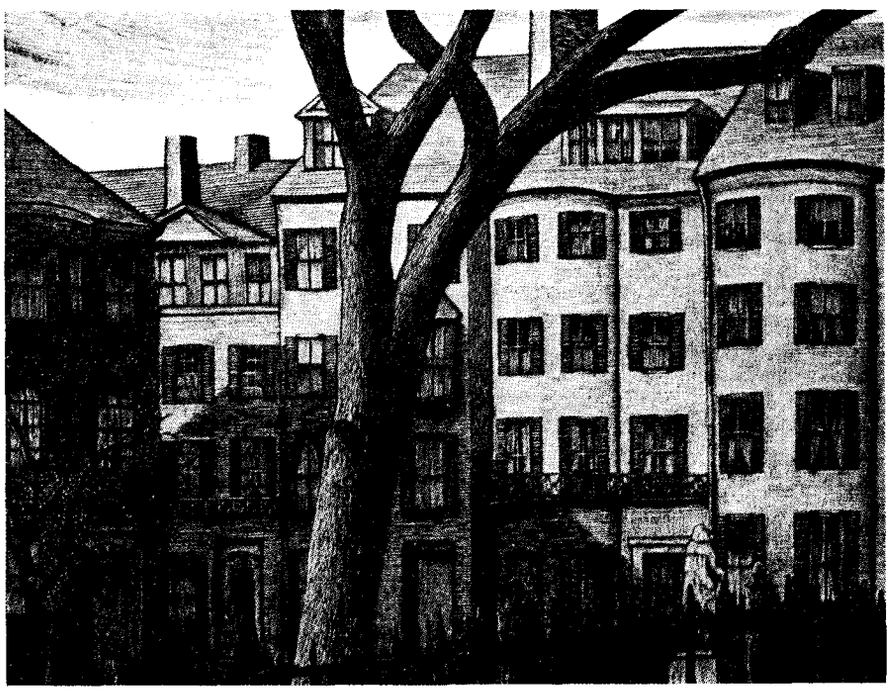
am I to manage the love scenes?" asks Santayana in the Prologue. And Mario, who has urged him to write the memoir of Oliver, replies, "Bah, there are love stories enough in the bookstalls for those who like them! This is to be a tale of sad life." There are, as a matter of fact, three love stories in the book, but two are absurd because Oliver's conception of love as a duty makes any love story absurd except on the old Testament model, and the third is abortive because Mario can make love but not take it. Nor has this novel a climax. Santayana's climax is the final and penetrating definition of a Puritan, a man who is "not content to understand but wishes to govern" in a world that will not be governed by one who seeks only the austerely best. Oliver is a bred-out perfectionist, too self-conscious to be simple, too conscience-stricken to be content with being inactively complex. Such characters have no climaxes.

But in two respects even the correspondence schools would have to admit that Mr. Santayana has satisfied the requirements of their courses in novel writing. There is drama in his book; not to be sure the kind of drama they specify, but spiritual drama tightened into effective scenes, the kind of drama which is incomparably the most satisfactory of all to a mature reader. And there are characters, real characters, with personality, significance, and that faculty of becoming frames of reference for one's own actual life which is the distinction of a real novelist or dramatist and his difference from behaviorists and autobiographers. Here I place Oliver's frightening mother, the perfect type of ten thousand rich American women, high-minded, dogmatic, spoiled, whose life has been made into a formula for being autocratic in a democracy. Santayana would have called her the last (and the worst) Protestant, if she had been the center of his book. And here I place Peter, the father, the Puritan relapsed into dilettanteism, reacting from duty into esthetics, humor, and drugs. And also Mario, and Uncle Nathaniel in whom nobody except Bostonians will believe, and Cousin Caleb, the Puritan abbot, old Salem gone metaphysical and more Catholic than the Pope, and the German governess Irma, the last sentimentalist. Lord Jim, Peter's captain, the perfect physical man without a soul or conscience, is too palpably a foil for Oliver; and there are other failures in character, for Santayana has no small talk in his narrative. If he weakens he has none of the tricks of the trade to save him. He will give you Eton complete in one chapter, but forget utterly in another that his people are in Williamstown or at the Harvard game in New Haven, and presumably are acting against a background, which he neglects to provide. And his characters are either magnificent because his philosophy suddenly becomes incarnate; or impossible because he invents a bad imitation of a man or woman to carry his thesis; or trivial like most of his young women, and best skipped. Oliver himself never quite comes to life, though his problems are dramatic. Rose is like an examination question in one of Mr. Santayana's courses. Now what, he asks his readers, do you suppose this young woman for whom I have written a poem and put it in the midst of my prose—what do you suppose she *means*?

Oliver's problem—that is the heart of this memoir-novel, which beats through every scene and mood and becomes articulate in Santayana's beautiful English. And here the story is important. It begins with his ancestors, Bostonians who hold their wealth as a sacred trust, but have begun to forget what they wanted to do with it. Oliver is the son of a rebel to tradition, of Peter who incredibly prefers the Irish of South Boston to Beacon Hill, takes to the Orient in order to escape conformity, but marries a healthy Puritan so that there shall be an heir to do something with the only religion left in this family, its determined grip upon its millions. And Oliver proves to be that rarity, the perfect inheritor, who, combining all the family traits, synthesizes an American line and brings together in one person the genes of all their bodies, and the acquired tendencies of all their social experience. Which means that he is a born athlete and democrat to whom the simple, strenuous equalitarianism of America comes as naturally as if he really believed himself only the equal of the boys at Great Falls public school; which means also that he is consistently Puritan, a spiritual aristocrat—"determined to remain . . . self-directed and inflexibly himself." And this attempt is his story, according to Santayana his "sad story." Actually it is the story of how his education, in school and out of it, was shattered upon his inflexible Puritan heart.

I doubt whether Santayana is more than half right about Oliver and America. It is easy for the Latin Catholic mind to disapprove of the man or the nation that is self-directed and inflexibly itself, although few Latin minds have disapproved with such sympathetic admiration. It is easy to show the futility of self-direction, easy to show in the contemporary scene how Anglo-Saxon self-confidence has made a society which at the moment seems to please nobody and threatens to destroy itself by its own will-engendered energy. Santayana, like the very un-Catholic Hawthorne, is struck by the evident fact that as the Puritan race grows older and more secure in its place in the world, the finer spirits vibrate more and more to the agitations of conscience, and less and less to the rhythms of aggressive energy which made their name great. Then the self-direction by which they live lays a burden upon their wills which brings self-torture with it, making a sad story. For Santayana's Puritans are not prigs or ascetics or sadists determined to make everyone good their way. They are men and women resolved first of all to govern themselves and to consent only to such life as seems to them best. They carry a burning coal of per-

(*Continued on page 12*)



LOUISBURG SQUARE: WOODCUT BY T. W. NASON
Part of the section of Boston Santayana describes in his novel.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XIII, No. 14, February 1, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Aristocrat of Three Revolutions

LAFAYETTE: A Life. By Andreas Latzko. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

LAFAYETTE'S career resembles a series of mountain peaks, each one surrounded by flat country. Three times he was raised to the heights of leadership and as often he descended into relative obscurity. To have taken a strategic part in—one might almost say, paraphrasing Abbé Sieyès, to have lived through—three revolutions would be a patent of immortality for any man. But the high points in Lafayette's life were not isolated incidents; his peaks belonged to a continuous chain. From the day when a romantic passion for liberty, mingling with his hatred of Britain, guided him to Washington's headquarters until the overthrow of the Bourbons more than a half century later, he gave himself with singular devotion to the cause of liberalism. However ill-defined his ideal of liberty and however incapable he may have been of applying it realistically, there can be no question of his allegiance. A long road lay between the Brandywine and the barricades, but Lafayette followed it with an enthusiasm that was magnificent, if at times ingenuous.

A CONTEMPORARY ENGRAVING OF LAFAYETTE, PRESENTED TO WASHINGTON BY THE ARTIST, LE MIV.

The biographer who ventures to plot the course of Lafayette's journey assumes something of a responsibility. Herr Latzko's account is clearly the work of a man of letters rather than of a historian. He is bothered by few of the difficulties that would perplex the historical student. When problems of fact and interpretation arise, they are evaded more often than met. I am not persuaded that the book embodies new information of importance, save for items gleaned from the Vienna police records, nor does the author appear to have mastered some of the familiar material. His background sketches have a slapdash quality, in which the carefully drawn line is buried under splashes of color. Explanations of the Old Régime and the Revolution, which have become almost historical commonplaces, pass unconsidered. The Revolution, one gathers, is still under obligation to Pompadour and Dubarry, and the March of the Women remains a spontaneous demonstration.

The merit of this biography lies neither in its learning nor in its historical judgments but in the readable narrative which Herr Latzko has fashioned. In spite of occasional passages that must have begun life as movie subtitles ("men dance like puppets at the ends of the threads held by Fate, whom they call Chance") and a weakness for over-heightened effects, the story moves with pace and sometimes with distinction. The author is much more satisfying when following a single clue than when attempting to undo a tangle. The account of Lafayette's imprisonment at Olmütz and his attempted rescue by Bollmann and Huger, for example, is as absorbing as a good adventure story. Similarly, the relations between Washington and his young ally supply the biographer with a congenial theme. There is, in fact, something infinitely appealing in the friendship between the fiery Frenchman and the American leader.

Herr Latzko's probing fails to discover a new Lafayette. He has written the story of a career rather than the study of a character, and he adds little to our understanding of the man. The fact seems to be that Lafayette, for all his courage, honesty, and generosity (not unmixed with vanity) was constantly finding himself in situations that lay beyond his modest abilities. Throughout his life he remained the *grand seigneur*, eager to gamble life and fortune on liberal ideas. But these were directed towards no sharply conceived goal. The familiar slogans, "rights of man" and "sovereignty of the people," held a fatal attraction for him. When, however, he was obliged to clothe his slogans in practical policy, he was often found wanting. The worldly-wise Talleyrand placed him "on the other side of the line where one is marked an intelligent man." America saw Lafayette's best qualities, and it is fitting that his largest niche should be in the gallery of American heroes rather than among the great of his own country.

David Owen is a member of the department of history at Yale University.

England's Bad Queen

MARY TUDOR. By Beatrice White. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $6.

Reviewed by MILTON WALDMAN

THE sixteenth century, as Miss White points out, was not squeamish in its amusements; nor was it over-delicate in its labels. Mary Tudor's sister Elizabeth and her contemporary Catherine de Medici were known as "that Jezebel"—and far worse—in half a dozen tongues, including the Latin. Yet Mary's label, far more offensive and certainly no less undeserved, has stuck through the centuries, for the mere reasons that she was on the losing side and that nearly all the cleverest inventors of epithets were on the other.

Miss White objects to Mary being known only as "bloody," and in that she is perfectly right. The woman was so much else beside—tender-hearted, courageous, well-meaning. She loved her mother with a more than daughterly devotion and the powers separated the two unhappy women forever. She loved the cold-blooded Prince of Spain whom they gave her for a husband with a passion that broke her heart and nearly breaks ours as we read of it, and he ran from her as if she had been the horrible Sybil of Panzoust. And after that there was nobody else for her to love—except God, who came perilously near to mocking her with that tumor in her sterile womb, when she thought in her faith and ignorance it was her husband's child that she carried.

That is the portrait that Miss White wishes to paint, and does, sympathetic, understanding, and tender. But it is only the portrait of the woman Mary Tudor, of the thin, frail, red-and-white complexioned daughter of Katherine of Aragon. And that is not the whole of it. This woman happened also to be the heir of Henry VIII, the Queen of England at a critical time, and even Miss White's enthusiasm cannot obscure the fact that she made—in an English phrase no Englishman would dare to use—a bloody bad queen. Nothing more need be said on that subject than the letter (p. 340) she wrote to the bishops crying for more and still more persecution to "remove from their naughty opinions" those of her people who did not see eye to eye with her on the sacrifice of the mass and communion in two kinds.

Perhaps she found Heaven after all her misery on earth; certainly she deserved to. But the work of this world in her century had to be done by monarchs like her sister, who realized that terrors of the soul neither should nor can be cured by burning bodies.

Milton Waldman has written of the Tudor period in such biographies as "King, Queen, Jack: Philip of Spain Courts Elizabeth," and "Sir Walter Raleigh."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Social Philosophy at Its Best

THE ETHICS OF COMPETITION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Frank Hyneman Knight. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ELI GINZBERG

ECONOMICS, old and new, abounds in paradoxes. One need but recall that Adam Smith, the first of the great masters, spent the larger part of his life in retirement; the "Wealth of Nations" is, however, a most realistic treatise. Smith's animus was pro-farmer and pro-labor; the money makers and the money changers turned him into their most efficacious advocate. Ricardo, who did so much to condition the youthful science of economics, made millions on the stock exchange; his "Principles" resembles a work on algebra. The stockbroker built his entire system upon a labor theory of value; laborers could learn therefrom that they could either eat or propagate—not both. Marx, thinking and dreaming revolution, begins "Das Kapital" with an extended discussion of Aristotle's inadequacies in the field of logic. The father of modern communism wrote almost exclusively about capitalism.

The publication of "The Ethics of Competition and Other Essays" by Professor Frank H. Knight reminds one that the day of paradoxes, at least for economics, is not yet over. Convinced that formal analysis is but a very small part of economics, Professor Knight has nevertheless devoted the major portion of his life to correcting and perfecting the main corpus of economic theory. His excursions into social philosophy, which he considers the true locus of economics, have been sporadic. The result is as interesting as it is paradoxical. The English have considered his contributions to economic theory worthy of the greatest admiration: to them, he is a classic. His compatriots, ever suspicious of logical manipulations, have ignored him: more exactly, they have dismissed him as an able economic theoretician. Yet, Professor Knight's contributions to social philosophy should have frightened the English, for it runs counter to their entire tradition, while it should have brought the skeptical Americans to their knees.

The present collection of eleven essays, including several hitherto unpublished, is representative of the manifold aspects of Professor Knight's work. In his defense of formal economics Professor Knight concedes nothing to the pragmatists. Formal economic theory deals not with actual but with ideal behavior. It is a generalizing science: geometry is its close neighbor. To operate, formal economics assumes that wants and resources are stable data: without stable data, scientific laws would be inconceivable. Moreover, it makes two further assumptions: people always want more wealth; people distribute their money in some rational manner. By concentrating upon the relations established between the use of a given quantity of resources and the turning out of a given quantity of product—the economizing principle—formal analysis can discover economic laws pertinent alike to communistic Russia, fascist Italy, and capitalistic United States. But Professor Knight is conscious of the very restricted applicability to economics, of the scientific method which demands stability of data, assimilability into classes, and objective measurement.

Having broken a lance or two for formal economics, Professor Knight breaks an entire sheaf for an economics concerned with politics and ethics. He proves with the aid of philosophy, psychology, and history—his command of these as well as of other branches of knowledge is truly startling—that *wants* cannot be taken as stable data. They are the "most obstinately unknown of all the unknowns in the whole system of variables with which economic science deals." They grow and they change. Hence, they cannot possibly satisfy the criteria of stability, classification, or measurement. To complicate matters, economic wants cannot be separated from other wants. Further, it must be remembered that wants are culture products to be judged by culture canons. The economic system therefore determines wants; at the same time, it is subject to determination by them. It is clearly impossible to reduce wants to any common measure. We know not what we want and it is therefore clear that the satisfaction of our wants cannot possibly be the end of activity.

If the reader need further proof that the ends of human activity cannot be assumed and that therefore the scientific method, *i.e.*, formal theory, has a most restricted place in economics, he had best turn to the last contribution in the volume, an essay on "Economic Theory and Nationalism." This monograph is, in the opinion of the reviewer, a *tour de force* unique in the history of social science.

The world is in a period of rapid change. This is a revolutionary era. Why the turmoil? From whence did it come and whither does it go? Professor Knight introduces his analysis by pointing out that economic individualism and political democracy—whose twin births were the result of the most accidental mating between the forces released in the struggle for religious freedom and those let loose by the developments of modern science—that these two institutions, like all living things, had the seeds of death within themselves. The competitive techniques in economic life were certain to lead to gross inequalities and monopoly, conditions fatal to the survival of competition; the argumentative techniques in political life were certain to lead to deception and fraud, conditions fatal to the survival of democracy.

The close parallel in the struggle for wealth and the struggle for power makes Professor Knight wary of the desirability and feasibility of socialism. The collapse of liberalism is conditioned by the inability of democracy to exercise the necessary controls over large-scale industry. The socializing of external wealth, *i.e.*, resources and factories, will in no manner solve the problem of control. If wants remain free, the socialistic state will be confronted with all the difficulties of evaluation which beset the present economy. If not, the answer is clear: the struggle has shifted from competitive economics to competitive politics. Inequalities of personal powers will remain: inheritance and luck will determine who shall rule and who shall be ruled.

It appears to Professor Knight that neither the present system of economic individualism, nor the projected system

Paragraph

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

THEY were too delicate and decadent
To go the way that grosser lovers went—
The strain of parting, gossip of divorce—
Starkness—oh yes . . . and hopelessness . . . of course . . .

Amused faint jests for those who understood
About the Babbitt and the Truly Good

Passing among "amusing" draperies,
Catchwords, odd galleries, grotesqueries,
Phrase with lids half-shut and hands asway,
The gospel after Faulkner, Hemingway . . .

Before one tired of this unmeaning place
One found one's way out with neurotic grace
To lines of little poems in lower-case . . .

"Death-Pact in Love-Nest!" yelled the newsboys—grinning
As if the thing had just been common sinning.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of socialistic democracy can exercise the necessary controls over large-scale industry, controls sufficient to insure its operation with a tolerable degree of efficiency, at costs not too intolerable. This conviction leads him to prophesy that the Western world is headed toward systems of fascist-nationalism. He feels certain that over any considerable period of time, group life without devotion to a mystical ideal is impossible. Nationalism is a mystical ideal, *par excellence*. Emotional unity again becomes possible; leadership is reëstablished. And the problem of control is really the problem of leadership.

For one who like Professor Knight is "second to none in his hatred of national dictatorship," the dilemma of the need for control and the fear of leadership is truly appalling. He cannot fight the nationalistic revival, for in a very true sense he believes it to be a historical necessity. Without it, group life, at least for many centuries to come, is inconceivable. To substitute another mystical entity for nationalism would hardly improve matters. Social action would still be a funtion of leadership, of force.

However it is Professor Knight's firm conviction that the discovery of values must take place in the absence of force, else the *value* of the values will remain unknown. The social problem is therefore one of joint planning. This, therefore, leads Professor Knight to a conservative position, for he realizes that experimentation by society upon itself is terribly dangerous. If the taboos against experimenting are once broken, society can so easily become a guinea-pig upon which a single individual or a group may experiment at will.

No one knows better than Professor Knight the extreme difficulties and the snail's pace involved in the process of joint planning. In fact, he has proved all too conclusively that democracy is certain to fail in the task of securing the necessary controls. The dilemma is horrible; it appears insoluble. The world, however, pays slight attention to dilemmas. In one way or another they become solved and thereby make room for new dilemmas. Mr. Knight knows all this and more. He knows that in the process of solution, values are certain to be destroyed.

The old order passes: it is weak and rotten. But it is not *all* rotten. Among the greatest of the values of modern liberalism was the deification of truth and the ennoblement of the professions that searched therefor. The barbarians are on the outskirts; the victory will most certainly be theirs. Professor Knight is exhorting all those who love and honor their gods, even in defeat, to a valiant defence. Perhaps, the barbarians can be impressed; in fact, they might even understand.

Eli Ginzberg is a member of the staff of the School of Business of Columbia University, and the author of "The House of Adam Smith."

Two Rugged Americans

ABRAM S. HEWITT: With Some Account of Peter Cooper. By Allan Nevins. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

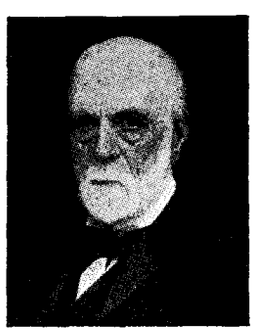
TO say that this duplex biography is by Allan Nevins, professor of American history in Columbia University, is to guarantee in advance that it is a first-class job, on a footing in excellence with his Pulitzer Prize "Grover Cleveland," to say nothing of the remarkable series of previous biographical and historical studies. But it is better than that implies; Professor Nevins has, and has steadily developed, a rare gift for combining most painstaking historical accuracy with human understanding; for exhibiting with simple clarity the background of events behind the men, and at the same time really portraying the men themselves. His men are not mere historical personages in a book—they get up and walk, and think and feel, and you see not only what they were and did, but why they did it, as in like circumstances you would have done yourself, had you been that kind of person. Seldom does he characterize, his people characterize themselves. This is real biography.

PETER COOPER

Offhand one uninformed might wonder why a life of Abram S. Hewitt must include almost equal space devoted to his father-in-law, Peter Cooper—either of them entitled to a book by himself—but quickly one discovers that they inextricably interweave. It is impossible to describe or understand one without the other. And I think the reason lies in the fact that their characters were complementary, their motive in common and mutually contributing; as twins might be fed through a common aorta from one heart.

I know of no more truly American story; it would have delighted the heart of Horatio Alger. Here are two men "up from poverty," dire poverty; who conquered their poverty because in character they always were superior to it. Never in our history were better examples of the much-mentioned "rugged individualism" which blithely oversteps or ignores obstacles, disdains defeats, pressing on irresistibly, adventurous and heroic, after the pattern of the pioneers of the wilderness to whom Nevins likens these men, especially Cooper.

For sheer readability, as an example of first-rate story-telling, this book is to be commended; but it is a great deal more than that. It should be compulsory reading for every American, for it sweeps the gamut of American life and history during a full century: social, industrial, educational, political. It tells the story of the beginnings and development of iron and steel and their mighty part in the spread of railroads and industrial development generally. One lives through the agonies of the Civil War and the vulgarities and corruptions and demoralizations of the Reconstruction period. We see perhaps the best "reform" mayor that New York City ever had, in hotter fights and hotter water than those Mitchel and LaGuardia have seethed in. We see Hewitt active and powerful in local, state, and national politics; for years in Congress; described by Henry Adams as "the best-equipped, the most active-minded and most industrious" of all in Washington. We read his own account of the Hayes-Tilden campaign (a secret account, sealed by Hewitt against publication until all the participants in that scandalous business should be dead). It leaves one with even less doubt than before that Tilden should have been in the White House. We see Peter Cooper in that campaign runing as Greenback candidate against both Hayes and Tilden whose campaign manager was Hewitt. We see Hewitt, a staunch Democrat, fighting Bryan and free silver by helping to organize and finance the Palmer-Buckner Gold Democratic movement.



ABRAM S. HEWITT

Through it all runs the beautiful story of Cooper Union, organized by a man almost illiterate, with a passion for education, the idol of his city and its masses who realized what he was trying to do for them. A wonderful old man who could see far ahead.

I have heard complaint that this book of six hundred pages might have been compressed. For me there isn't a syllable too much of it, though I like short books. Anyhow I have been made acquainted with two great Americans, the refreshment and teaching of whose unselfish lives are here vividly for those who may sometimes ask for the definition of "American."

John Palmer Gavit, as a journalist of wide experience, has personal knowledge of much that is recounted in Mr. Nevins's chronicle of Abram Hewitt.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1936, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Pressure Group No. 1

THE most powerful pressure group has not yet been organized. When the time comes, as it may if the Congress continues to be an easy mark for looters, the united writers will make the Veterans' greedy grabbings seem no more than a gentle prelude to ruin.

They have the power, and what power they lack resides in the radio, which will join their union. No modern force exceeds the force of propaganda, which is ninety percent dependent upon writing and speech. Propaganda has been organized before, but never by the writers—or never except when some passionate group has devoted its powers to a general cause, not to its own enriching. Beware of the writer when, imitating the other pressure groups, he begins to work for his own self-interest as bound up with the self-interest of his trade. For the power that makes the writer is the power which others must use if they are to touch either the imagination or the emotions of the country. It is a power able to defeat tariffs, destroy bureaucracies, expose lobbies, make ridiculous or loathsome private interest in opposition to the welfare of the country.

This power has often been used, but it has never been organized, at least by the writers and the orators themselves. It has never been organized by able leaders, aware that they have something better than votes to sell. It has never been exercised in the right direction, which is government, and for the definite objective of cash. Belonging to a warm-blooded profession, writers have never been cold-blooded enough to believe that the power to extort justifies extortion. But what profession has risked security more often for a minimum wage? What profession has been more useful to the pressure groups already in the field? Who kept the farmers Republican through a half century of ruinous high tariffs? The orators and writers. Who, according to Walter Millis, brought us into the war? The journalists. Who sold the war to the populace, so that every training-camp veteran who never got so far as Jersey City could claim his bonus and get away with it? Certainly again the orators and journalists. Who spread that wide discontent with war as such, and especially our part in it, which made the ex-soldier seem a hero that had been tricked and put upon? The novelists and the dramatists. Who knows best how pressure groups operate and the results? The correspondents, who are writers with dynamite in their arsenals.

Writers have seldom written in the interest of writers. They have been the prime individualists. But if the pressure groups make this into a country unsafe for individuals, why should they stay out of the game? And a warning to those who think such a prophecy as this one is fantastic fooling. There is no one so difficult to stop as a writer. He is ambidextrous. What he seems to be doing with his left hand can easily cover a dangerous attack from his hidden right. A fairly thick-headed world is helpless when an able writer sets out to make it think, and especially to feel, what he wills. Hitherto their fire has been scattered. But suppose it should be concentrated, organized, directed—not at employers, not at publications, who can protect themselves, but at the political feebleness of a Congress no longer representative of anything except the group that has frightened them last! Suppose that the writers, like the other pressure organizations, decide to be bought off by the simplicity of cash!

They have had a raw deal, most of them, they are unemployed in large numbers, they have a higher average intelligence than the Veterans' Associations, being, intellectually, picked men. But are they more patriotic? That is the question. For patriotism, by any definition, demands a concern for the country's welfare as a whole. The Veterans in this sense do not even claim patriotism. They are honestly, even vehemently, unpatriotic in their demand that to him who hath the power, shall be given what he wants, regardless of what happens to the rest. Beating up liberals, called for convenience Reds, is not patriotism. Talk about Americanism is not patriotism, unless Americanism, not Legionism, not Republicanism, not Toryism, not (equally) Radicalism, is truly meant. Such patriotism is only words. Grabbing from the pork barrel is, one sadly admits, an American trait, but it is certainly not patriotism. The writers would be as prone to greed, we suppose, as any other pressure group, but their inevitable concern with needs and policies of national scope might take the edge off their attack on Congress. Conditioned to thinking of the race and the nation, they might be too patriotic to be effective. Nevertheless, let the other pressure groups beware. If they teach ruthlessness to the writers, they will pay for it. Two can play at their game, and in a democracy of magazines and radios the man with the most agile words will win.

Two Bad Bills Speaking at the annual luncheon of the National Association of Book Publishers recently, Mr. Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union reminded publishers of two bills now before Congress, the passage of which would strike a blow at the freedom of speech and of the press. These bills, left over from the last session, are the "incitement to disaffection" bill, passed by the Senate and reported favorably by the House Committee on Military Affairs, and the Kramer sedition bill, reported favorably by the House Judiciary Committee.

On the first of these, which proposes to penalize any one who "with the intent to incite disaffection publishes or distributes any book, pamphlet . . . or other writing which advises . . . any member of the Army and the Navy of the United States to disobey the laws or regulations governing the Army and the Navy," *The Saturday Review* commented in an editorial on July 27, 1935. The Kramer sedition bill would penalize "any person who knowingly and wilfully shall advocate the overthrow of the Government of the United States by force or violence."

Both these bills are supported by the Hearst press and the professional patriotic organizations. They are opposed by the overwhelming majority of responsible newspapers, and by liberal members of Congress. The opponents argue, first, that the protection of the army, the navy, and the government is amply covered by existing laws; second, that the proposed bills, like the sedition laws of 1798, look innocent on the surface, but because of generalities in phrasing, could be used to persecute citizens for unpopular opinions.

The Saturday Review ranges itself emphatically with the opponents of these dangerous double-faced bills.

Ten Years Ago

In an early Fall issue of *The Saturday Review* in 1926, Ernest Sutherland Bates reviewed George Santayana's "Dialogues in Limbo." "*Curiously enough,*" wrote Mr. Bates in his review of these excellent philosophical discussions, "*and contrary to the common experience of men, the poetic spirit in Santayana has continuously developed in harmony and even nurtured by the dialectic spirit. . .*"

Today

Santayana's "memoir in the form of a novel" is reviewed by the Editor of *The Saturday Review* in the leading article of this issue. Mr. Canby says of "The Last Puritan,"—"*Nothing could be more surprising to those who think of Santayana as a speculative intellect above the turmoil of every day life, nothing could be more natural if one remembers the great tradition of the novel in English.*"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *A Tribute to Clarence Day; Animals and Sherlock Holmes*

Clarence Day

SIR:—Quite a number of people have pointed out that Clarence Day was a hero. Probably only those realize how great a hero he was, who were fortunate enough to spend some time in his company. Those elect souls came away from him without giving much thought to the fact that the man with whom they had been talking was physically helpless. Clarence Day's heroism was genuine and complete: everybody forgot all about it. Has any other writer since Charles Lamb shown this high-hearted heroism?

A few voices, here and there in the last fifteen years, have insisted that Clarence Day was a genius. Those of us who have been smart enough to feed on "This Simian World" ever since its appearance, who have had some congenital but nevertheless silly notions uproariously exploded by "The Crow's Nest" and "Thoughts Without Words," who have taken delight in "Father" and lived in the world in which he lived—we have, perhaps, not thought much about Clarence Day's genius. We found no occasion to: the thing was obvious. Likewise, those who came from a conversation with Clarence Day did not much trouble to ponder on the genius that sparked and crackled—or shouted—from their host. Caught up into Clarence Day's own world, they felt at home, for the moment, in that bright, hilarious, salutary environment: while with him they partook of his genius.

Perhaps Charles Lamb was like that, less noisily, less obstreperously. One thing is sure: Charles Lamb was both hero and genius, hero unadvertised (unlike Milton, for instance) and genius without pomp and circumstance. Clarence Day was similarly both hero and genius. Is there a third in English letters?

Some one is going to say that I have said Clarence Day was like Charles Lamb. That will be just one more thing for Charles Lamb and Clarence Day to chuckle over as they keep each other select, but doubtless completely satisfactory, company.

SAMUEL NOCK.

Kansas State College,
Manhattan, Kansas.

The Black Cat Café

SIR:—I have been commissioned to prepare a brochure giving the history of the Black Cat café, which was established by Signor Mazzini on Bleecker Street in 1890 and in 1905 was moved to 557 West Broadway, its present address.

Data which I have already at hand reveals that this café was during its first decade a meeting place for anarchists and other radicals and that it became at its present address a Bohemian rendezvous. Information on hand indicates that many prominent persons in the fields of art, literature, and the theatre have frequented the Black Cat.

I should appreciate receiving any information, anecdotes, letters, or clippings pertaining to this subject. All such matter will be carefully handled and promptly returned to the senders.

BEN SACKHEIM.

New York City.

"AND THEN SHE GETS IN TROUBLE—FINANCIAL, THAT IS."

A Noah's Ark of Animals

SIR:—One of my readings of the Sherlock Holmes stories impressed me with a curious fact that I have never seen discussed. Have the Baker Street Irregulars, of which Mr. Morley writes so often, ever noticed the frequency with which animals make an important or significant appearance in the tales? From memory I list seventeen tales, and what a Noah's Ark of animal miscellany is represented!

Dogs—Hound of the Baskervilles
Silver Blaze
Creeping Man
Study in Scarlet
Sign of Four
Shoscombe Old Place
Copper Beeches
Gloria Scott
Sussex Vampire
Horses—Silver Blaze
Engineer's Thumb
Mongoose—Crooked Man
Snake—Speckled Band
Goose—Blue Carbuncle
Cock—Wistaria Lodge
Lion—Veiled Lodger
"Cyanea"—Lion's Mane.

And to this list we could properly add the offenders doing service in Mr. Culbertson Smith's jars, as related in "The Dying Detective."

These tales comprise slightly more than twenty-seven per cent of the total sixty episodes. Has any one an explanation for this high percentage? It is surely too large to be ascribed to pure chance.

The distribution of this odd mélange of creatures is interesting. Two dogs make an early appearance: we all remember Dr. Watson's somewhat mythical bull pup, and the affair of the sick spaniel and the alkaloid pills. The "Adventures" and the "Memoirs" and the "Valley of Fear" are not represented on the list. The "Case Book," comprising the later stories, is well represented on our list. Incidentally, the "Case Book" contains a dog that *does* bark in the night time. ("Creeping Man".)

The untold tales promise to maintain or surpass the figure of twenty-seven per cent, as the titles are strongly suggestive of animal influence. No doubt the dogs would again lead the pack, but we note five new arrivals: a red leech, a cormorant, a giant rat, an unidentified worm responsible for Isadora Persano's madness, and probably one of the notorious Wilson's trained canaries.

And finally, it must be noted that Holmes upon his retirement, chose for his avocation the keeping of bees.

HORACE REYNOLDS STAHL.

Desloge, Mo.

"The Stricken Deer"

SIR:—The appearance in the World's Classics Series of Lord David Cecil's life of Cowper, "The Stricken Deer," leads me to share with your readers my enthusiasm for Cowper.

There is not here a painstaking analysis of Cowper's works, for there are more pages devoted to his madness than his meter; those who want strict literary criticism should turn to Fausset. And some may carp because contemporary figures are apt at times to crowd the main actor up-stage. But there is a powerfully written drama, neither pedantically detailed nor yet falsely simplified, of a tortured soul before an eighteenth century backdrop "with all the flowering graces of Pekin tamed into the delicate regularity of Bath."

Vividly illuminated is Cowper's "struggle, fought to the death, between the daylit serenity of his natural circumstances and the powers of darkness hidden in his heart."

STEVEN CARTWRIGHT.

New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Apple Pickers' Strike

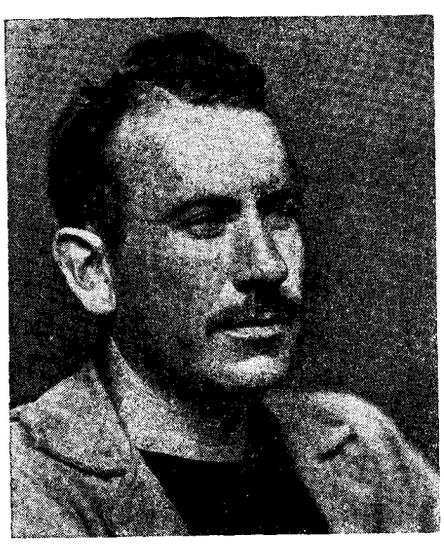
IN DUBIOUS BATTLE. By John Steinbeck. New York: Covici-Friede. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IF anyone anticipates in this novel such characters as the rogue Mexicans of "Tortilla Flat," he will not find them. This is a proletarian novel, and, as it seems to me, one that handles its material with accuracy. Jim Nolan joins the Communist party and is set to work. "Mac" Mcleod takes him down into the apple country of California to organize the apple-pickers, where they are going to work for a drastically cut wage. Before long the occasion for a strike is found. How it is got going, the work of organizing it, the progress of it, and the interaction of the chief characters make a vivid and exciting story. I shall not retail the episodes of that story, as the novel is well worth reading.

For one thing the locale is excellently described, the characterization strong, the communist point of view and methods authentically presented, and the workers in mass or separately, both in their speech and their actions, are extremely real. The character of the doctor who is called in to see to the sanitation of the strikers' camp on Anderson's property is outstanding. Though a sympathizer, he is not a party member, and his depth of philosophy is not for men who are fighting for their bare existence as migratory workers.

The battle between those in authority and the strikers has plenty of bloody moments. The book ends with the fight still going on. The situation is given in all its aspects, and one feels that what did happen is just about what would have happened. Back of this immediate war looms the whole economic struggle of the day, but what we witness in the foreground is a single battle for one definite objective. In that desperate fight there is cruelty on both sides, there is the terrible side of the roused mass-animal. Though this book is on a smaller scale one is somewhat reminded of Frank Norris's "The Octopus" (not at all in style) by the vigorous realism of this presentation.



JOHN STEINBECK

There is no place for humor in this book. The issue is too serious to those involved. The author's attempt has been to bring out heroic motive and action in those whom the newspapers denounce as "Reds," and at the same time to state events as they would naturally happen as logically and fairly as possible. This is a book one respects. Mr. Steinbeck writes most graphic prose and conveys the thought and speech of ordinary laborers with great ability. The idealism of Jim Nolan, both noble and tragic, pervades the story. The wavering of the men as a group, the tactics of their opponents, particularly the interview between Bolter, the new president of the Fruit Growers' Association of the valley, and London, the boss of the strikers,—these developments carry conviction. The language of the story is never handled with gloves. But here are no puppets of propaganda. Here are real men of flesh and blood.

An Idyll of Childhood

INNOCENT SUMMER. By Frances Frost. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

ONE wonders whether the title of this book was not chosen with a wry irony, out of the bitterness from which it seems to have been written. It is concerned with all the children of a tiny country town in Vermont, and what happens to them during one long summer. But "children" is a word that covers a long time in human development, and stages that are very different from each other; and only one of these is young enough to be in the real, armored age of innocence. Little Dorothy, a grave and amusing five-year-old, is still at the age where children are happily surrounded by egotism and emotional ignorance, like the hard sheath of an unopened bud. All the others are between ten and fifteen, at the time when one has left the old shell and has not grown a new one, when difficulties are apt to increase faster than strength. It is always a poignant time of life, and often the most painful. So it must be for most of these children. The town is small enough so that none of them is rich, and most of them really poor; it is small enough, too, so that the rich and poor play together, and then begin to grow up and grow apart. One of the boys, feeling his poverty for the first time, has set his whole heart on a mail-order suit. Another nearly comes to grief over the beginnings of sex; and though he will, one sees, be safe in the end, it is no thanks to his ne'er-do-well father. Another is a little girl whose neurotic mother so warns her against sex that not only will she probably find happy marriage impossible, but her pleasant relation with her father is certainly spoiled. And it is not only sex and money that these children have to face. There is God—the spying, quarrelsome gods of small-town Catholics and small-town Protestants. And there is death; one of the boys is ill with consumption, and dies.

FRANCES FROST

It is a grim little picture that Miss Frost gives us, almost monotonously so; and, even so, not very well integrated. There is neither a sufficient theme, nor a sufficiently strong sense of the town, to hold the book together completely. One feels that one is reading a number of short stories that have been divided into chapters and mixed together; and in some of these stories there is little progression.

And yet, bitter as much of the book is, it is an idyll, after all. It is written with a delicate understanding of the paradox of adolescence, that its emotions are intense and yet transitory. She feels also, and makes us feel, how terribly tender is adolescence, and yet how wonderfully tough. And she knows the consolations of boyhood in the country; the summer beauty of Vermont, felt, like other emotions, less consciously but more keenly than ever again. Perhaps, after all, she was not ironical in calling her book "Innocent Summer."

Frank H. Simonds

The Saturday Review mourns in the passing of Frank H. Simonds one of its most valued contributors. A journalist with a long and varied experience who during the Spanish-American War had himself had experience of battle, he was generally regarded during the World War as one of the outstanding correspondents in the field. After the Peace he continued as one of the leading commentators on European affairs, winning recognition with his books as well as by his journalistic writing. *The Saturday Review* was fortunate in the ready friendliness with which he acceded to all its requests for his work. It will miss him sorely.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

I'VE put the thermometer on the north end of the porch, in the windiest spot, to see how low it will go (it was 3 below zero this morning, in shelter) and now there are various temptations. One, to knock off some of those yard-long icicles hanging from the eaves and use them for an Oldfashioned. Another, to snug down on the couch under the green blanket and have a go at William Roughead's *Famous Crimes*—a volume selected from Mr. Roughead's retellings of notable horrors. The Creighton-Applegate poisoning trial that has been riding high on Long Island lately naturally made me think of Roughead, who has a particular tenderness for a good assassination by arsenic. Also when Mr. Edmund Pearson brings out a new book (his *More Studies in Murder* has just been published by Smith and Haas) I always think of Roughead, the distinguished Scottish lawyer to whom Mr. Pearson has long expressed homage and obligation. It is odd that Roughead's books are so little known over here. He mingles grimness with ironic humor in a very just proportion. Some of our own most talented writers on crime tend nowadays to weaken their effects by too deliberate jocosity. The Crime Club published in 1929, under the title *The Evil That Men Do*, two volumes of tales selected from Roughead; but I think they were issued only as some sort of premium and in absurdly costly style; why not reprint them in one accessible and inexpensive volume?

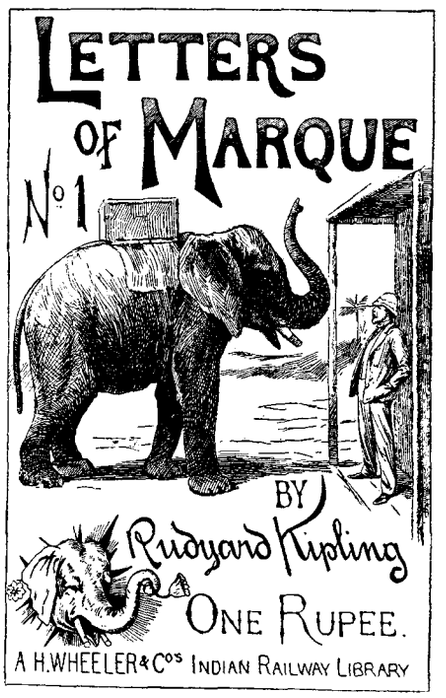
(At this time of year I am pleased to recall Mr. Roughead's quotation from the French translator of *Macbeth*. He rendered the witches' salute, "Hail, all hail!" as *Grêle, toujours grêle*, because it always snows in Scotland.)

But the temptations referred to must be postponed until the Folder is cleared of a number of items that have piled up.

First, an evidence that teachers need never despair at the apparent unreceptiveness of their pupils. It is more than 25 years since preceptors began telling me that Cowper was a poet worth investigation. I was familiar, in a lacklustre way, with the scraps and excerpts quoted in anthologies: the hissing tea-urn with its "cups that cheer but not inebriate," and the "Oh that those lips had language" to his mother's portrait. But not until the other day, opening *The Task*, did I realize he might be important to *me*. I found the passage

> "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
> My soul is sick with every day's report
> Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
> There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart. . . .
> He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
> Not coloured like his own, and, having power
> Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."

By such private personal rediscoveries literature keeps itself alive, and at the high table of the Muses there is no reproach for the visitor who arrives late for the dinner. It is encouraging to remember that the things teachers told me



THE RAREST OF ALL KIPLING ITEMS

were great have proved in my own experience to be so, without exception. I wonder if I'll ever find time to read Cowper's letters, which so many have spoken of as among the most moving ever written.

Incidentally a most satisfying and delightful book to check up or renew one's perspective of English literature is Professor C. G. Osgood's *The Voice of England* (Harper's, 1935). I find only one small disappointment in it, that Professor Osgood does not mention *Dreamthorp*, which, long forgotten, has been winning its way back into favor.

And that reminds me, a correspondent (L. M. B.) wrote lately asking for Dr. Johnson's measurements for his bookshelves which we printed long ago in this Green. It was Professor Osgood who first called attention to this Johnsonian memo., in the introduction to Mr. R. B. Adam's Catalogue of Johnsoniana (Buffalo, 1921). L. M. B., ardent Johnsonian, desires to build his shelves to the same pattern. These were the Doctor's instructions:—

RULES FOR THE SHELVES

The lowest shelf one foot above the floor, and twelve inches broad.

The second shelf ten inches broad and eighteen inches above the lowest.

The third shelf ten inches broad and fifteen inches above the second.

The fourth shelf six inches broad and nine inches above the third, and so to the top, six inches broad at nine inches distance.

Kipling's Precaution

There's an odd little story about Kipling that has never been in print. It was told me by his publisher and intimate friend the late Frank Doubleday. Those who have marked some excesses of modern biography and editing will understand it. As a gloss upon the episode one can look up two savage little poems by Tennyson: *To ——, After Reading a Life and Letters,* and *Poets and Their Bibliographies.*

Mr. Doubleday went down to visit Kipling in Sussex. It was a beautiful summer day, and the publisher, arriving by an unannounced train, was not met at the station. He decided to walk and enjoy the countryside. As he approached the house he was surprised to see, on a blazing day, a dark plume of smoke rising from one of the chimneys of "Bateman's." So much so, indeed, that he even wondered if the flue were on fire.

Doubleday quickened his pace. The front door stood open to the summer heat; no one had noticed the visitor's approach; as an old friend of the house he walked in and went straight to the author's study. He tapped at the door and entered. Kipling was crouched in front of a roaring fireplace, feeding the flames with bundles of papers. Even as the publisher stood in the doorway he saw a mass of manuscript in that well-known small handwriting go into the hearth. Every instinct of a publisher was appalled.

"For Heaven's sake, Rud," he said, "what are you doing?"

Kipling, perspiring by the blaze, gave the mass of burning papers a rummaging thrust with a poker. He looked at his friend keenly from under those heavy brows.

"Well, Effendi, I was looking over old papers and I got thinking.—No one's going to make a monkey out of me after I die."

Grant Wood, the Iowa painter, was in town the other day, looking about to see what sort of fresh and modern and for-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ward-peering ideas we alert Easterners are having in the arts. We gave him an example of New York's creative originality that sent him home to Iowa with joy and excitement. It was the attractive Christmas and New Year poster sent out by the Long Island Railroad, put up in all the company's stations and offices to cheer the customers. It showed a jolly old stagecoach in a snow scene in an antique village.

The Long Island's godfather the Pennsy was smarter: its 1936 calendar illustrates one of the new electric streamline engines that do such a thrilling job between New York and Washington.

To encourage our classicists, I quote from Kipling's speech (1912) on *The Uses of Reading*:—

"I believe in the importance of a man getting some classics ground into him in his youth even though, as far as his elders can see (but I don't think one's elders are quite the judges) there is no visible result. . . . The reason why one has to parse and construe and grind at the dead tongues in which certain ideas are expressed, is *not* for the sake of what is called intellectual training—that may be given in other ways—but because only in that tongue is that idea expressed with absolute perfection. If it were not so the Odes of Horace would not have survived. (People aren't in a conspiracy to keep things alive.)"

A Casual Anthology

"Termites have been discovered in the Library . . . the first evidence of their presence was presented last spring in a copy of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, the contents of which they had completely assimilated."—Annual Report of the President of Haverford College.

Mr. J. B. Orrick of the Oxford University Press sends me a most interesting little historical essay about Oxford, by E. A. Greening Lamborn, which is given as a souvenir to visitors at the Clarendon Press. (The Press in Oxford was so called because the first building constructed specially for it was erected largely on the proceeds of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*). "The one view of Oxford that has remained unchanged for a century is the vision that one gets from the hillside above the church at Iffley." I reproduce the photo of that view shown in the pamphlet.

You'll find a good deal about Iffley in Santayana's novel, *The Last Puritan*, published this week.

I wondered if there was intention in two neighboring paragraphs in *Appleton-Century Book Chat*, sent out weekly by that publishing house. The first was headed "Cocktail Party for V. C. Buckley," and the next one "Alcohol: Its Effects on Man."

An embittered citizen in Philadelphia handed me the following:—

CONFIDENTIAL MEMORANDUM
on The State of The Nation

Population of the United States	124,000,000
Eligible for Townsend Old Age Pensions	30,000,000
Persons working for Federal, State, County, City and Other Governments	20,000,000
Ineligible to Work under Child Labor Laws	60,000,000
Number of Unemployed	13,999,998
	123,999,998
Number remaining to produce nation's goods	2

Just You and Me, and I'm getting tired So Let's Go Fishing.

VIEW OF OXFORD FROM IFFLEY
(From "Oxford," by E. A. Greening Lamborn; Oxford University Press)

The Education of a Puritan

(*Continued from page 4*)

fection at their heart. And so they fail, or at least Oliver fails, because he would triumph fastidiously or not at all.

I think also that there is a possible fallacy in Santayana's reasoning and in the biography of his Oliver which, though so personal and often so very human in its details, must be taken as a study of a soul. This golden son of wealth and culture has two handicaps for living, of which only the first is inevitable. From childhood his every action is inspired by duty to this inner fire of perfectionism. He plays football because of duty, makes love for duty, chooses his education by duty, gives freely of his energies for duty, but reserves always his inner self from everything and everyone. The sea and its freedoms tempt him; Jim, his first uninhibited friend, tempts him; Mario, who gives to God the responsibility for his pleasure-seeking nature, tempts him; but he is so little moved that he cannot conceive of love for his English Rose except as a means of making two Puritan souls, and little souls to follow, grow where one grew before. No one so constituted has a good time in life. Oliver's story was bound to be "sad."

But not necessarily tragic. Santayana has a great respect for what he would possibly call the animal faith of America, the simple, kindly, unreflective energy that makes this continent still a new world in comparison with the tight tenacity of England, the grasping caution of France, the excitable egoism of the Italians. And so had Oliver. His second handicap was that the Puritan perfectionism in him would not let him release his fastidiousness on this lower animal level. He could play that game and live in it, if only it could be made to mean enough to satisfy his exalted spirit. But he would not let his heart go either to a woman or to America.

And here I think that Mr. Santayana is a better novelist than social philosopher. He is thinking too much in terms of his selected Harvard experience. He knew his young Americans at the youthful peak of their intellectual intolerance. He knew America outside the college only as they knew it—a lovable country content with mediocrity. But surely it is by the wedding of such potential leadership as theirs and Oliver's with a hearty animal faith that civilizations are saved or made. And surely not all the Olivers will die discouraged and futile by accident in a war into which they have drifted because they could not summon will either to resist or to lead! As a novelist, Mr. Santayana can do what he pleases with his characters, and fortunately he has done so much with Oliver that even the end of this story is only proof that "The Last Puritan" must not be judged by the textbook canons of novel writing, but as a Book.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brief History of Myself

BY GEORGE SANTAYANA

The editors of The Saturday Review, *believing that no better portrayal of Mr. Santayana could be procured than his own history of his early years, reprint below some paragraphs from a chapter by him entitled "Brief History of My Own Opinions." These appeared in a compendium called "Contemporary American Philosophy," issued by the Macmillan Company a few years ago.*

HOW came a child born in Spain of Spanish parents, to be educated in Boston and to write in the English language? The case of my family was unusual. We were emigrants; none of us ever changed his country, his class, or his religion. But special circumstances had given us hereditary points of attachment in opposite quarters, moral and geographical; and now that we are almost extinct—I mean those of us who had these mixed associations—I may say that we proved remarkably staunch in our complex allegiances, combining them as well as logic allowed, without at heart ever disowning anything. My philosophy in particular may be regarded as a synthesis of these various traditions, or as an attempt to view them from a level from which their several deliverances may be justly understood. I do not assert that such was actually the origin of my system: in any case its truth would be another question. I propose simply to describe as best I can the influences under which I have lived, and leave it to the reader, if he cares, to consider how far my philosophy may be an expression of them.

In the first place, we must go much farther afield than Boston or Spain, into the tropics, almost to the antipodes. Both my father and my mother's father were officials in the Spanish civil service in the Philippine Islands. This was in the 1840's and 1850's, long before my birth; for my parents were not married until later in life, in Spain, when my mother was a widow. But the tradition of the many years which each of them separately had spent in the East was always alive in our household. Those had been, for both, their more romantic and prosperous days. My father had studied the country and the natives, and had written a little book about the Island of Mindanao; he had been three times around the world in the sailing-ships of the period, and had incidentally visited England and the United States, and been immensely impressed by the energy and order prevalent in those nations. His respect for material greatness was profound, yet not unmixed with a secret irony or even repulsion. He had a seasoned and incredulous mind, trained to see other sorts of excellence also. In his boyhood he had worked in the studio of a professional painter of the school of Goya, and had translated the tragedies of Seneca into Spanish verse. His transmarine experiences, therefore, did not rattle, as so often happens, in an empty head. The sea itself, in those days, was still vast and blue, and the lands beyond it full of lessons and wonders. From childhood I have lived in the imaginative presence of interminable ocean spaces, coconut islands, blameless Malays, and immense continents swarming with Chinamen, polished and industrious, obscene and philosophical. It was habitual with me to think of scenes and customs pleasanter than those about me. My own travels have never carried me far from the frontiers of Christendom or of respectability, and chiefly back and forth across the North Atlantic—thirty-eight fussy voyages; but in mind I have always seen these things on an ironical background enormously empty, or breaking out in spots, like Polynesia, into nests of innocent, particoloured humanity.

My mother's figure belonged to the same broad and somewhat exotic landscape; she had spent her youth in the same places, but the moral note resounding in her was somewhat different. Her father, José Borrás, of Reus in Catalonia, had been a disciple of Rousseau, an enthusiast and a wanderer: he taught her to revere pure reason and republican virtue and to abhor the vices of a corrupt world. . . . Her first husband, an American merchant established in Manila, had been the sixth son of Nathaniel Russell Sturgis, of Boston (1779-1856). In Boston, accordingly, her three Sturgis children had numerous relations and a little property, and there she had promised their father to bring them up in case of his death. When this occurred, in 1857, she therefore established herself in Boston; and this fact, by a sort of pre-natal or pre-established destiny, was the cause of my connection with the Sturgis family, with Boston, and with America.

It was in Madrid in 1862, where my mother had gone on a visit intended to be temporary, that my father and she were married. He had been an old friend of hers and of her first husband's, and was well aware of her settled plan to educate her children in America, and recognized the propriety of that arrangement. Various projects and combinations were mooted: but the matter eventually ended in a separation, friendly, if not altogether pleasant to either party. My mother returned with her Sturgis children to live in the United States and my father and I remained in Spain. Soon, however, this compromise proved unsatisfactory. The education and prospects which my father, in his modest retirement, could offer me in Spain were far from brilliant; and in 1872 he decided to take me to Boston, where, after remaining for one cold winter, he left me in my mother's care and went back to Spain.

I was then in my ninth year, having been born on December 16, 1863, and I did not know one word of English. Nor was I likely to learn the language at home, where the family always continued to speak a Spanish more or less pure. But by a happy thought I was sent during my first winter in Boston to a Kindergarten, among much younger children, where there were no books, so that I picked up English by ear before knowing how it was written: a circumstance to which I probably owe speaking the language without a marked foreign accent. The Brimmer School, the Boston Latin School, and Harvard College then followed in order: but apart from the taste for English poetry which I first imbibed from our excellent English master, Mr. Byron Groce, the most decisive influences over my mind in boyhood continued to come from my family, where, with my grown-up brother and sisters, I was the only child. I played no games, but sat at home all the afternoon and evening reading or drawing; especially devouring anything I could find that regarded religion, architecture, or geography.

In the summer of 1883, after my Freshman year, I returned for the first time to Spain to see my father. Then, and during many subsequent holidays which I spent in his company, we naturally discussed the various careers that might be open to me. We should both of us have liked the Spanish army or diplomatic service: but for the first I was already too old, and our means and our social relations hardly sufficed for the second. Moreover, by that time I felt like a foreigner in Spain, more acutely so than in America, although for more trivial reasons: my Yankee manners seemed outlandish there, and I could not do myself justice in the language. Nor was I inclined to overcome this handicap, as perhaps I might have done with a little effort: nothing in Spanish life or literature at that time particularly attracted me. English had become my only possible instrument, and I deliberately put away everything that might confuse me in that medium. English, and the whole Anglo-Saxon tradition in literature and philosophy, have always been a medium to me rather than a source. My natural affinities were elsewhere. . . . Latin and Greek, French, Italian, and German, although I can read them, were languages which I never learned well. It seemed an accident to me if the matters which interested me came clothed in the rhetoric of one or another of these nations: I was not without a certain temperamental rhetoric of my own in which to recase what I adopted. Thus in renouncing everything else for the sake of English letters I might be said to have been guilty, quite unintentionally, of a little stratagem, as if I had set out to say plausibly in English as many un-English things as possible.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Influences Behind the Legal System

CIVILIZATION AND THE GROWTH OF THE LAW. By William A. Robson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

THIS is an original and stimulating book by an English barrister. Mr. Robson here enters upon a study of the relations between men's ideas about the universe and their legal institutions. He aims to show how laws and government have been influenced by magic, superstition, religion, and science; and how these forces in their turn have been influenced by human thinking about law. Thus his investigations draw together facts from many departments of knowledge which are commonly regarded as unrelated.

Beginning with the origins of law, Mr. Robson stresses the large part played by religious beliefs, such as the attribution of codes to a divine law-giver, the priestly administration of justice, and the doctrine of the divinity of rulers with numerous examples ranging from Pharaoh to the Mikado. He tells how men endeavored to determine the rightful side of a controversy by ordeals, oaths, and appeals to divine judgment and vengeance. He traces the development in various countries from unwritten laws jealously guarded by priests or transmitted orally by easily memorized maxims, to written laws, whether codification of custom or the outpourings of a contemporary legislature.

Next he deals with the Law of Nature. When we speak of the law of gravitation and the law against stealing, do we mean the same kind of thing or not? With this problem, men have wrestled for centuries. Despite the frequent attempts of thinkers to distinguish sharply between the two types of laws, men keep returning to the notion of some sort of fundamental connection between them. A notable example of this tendency is the doctrine of natural law, under which certain important human "rights" cannot validly be taken away by legislation. Another kind of close relationship between the laws of Nature and the laws regulating human conduct is asserted by the author. In the light of modern physics both types are subjective. Hence, he insists, there is no "rigid dichotomy." Mr. Robson fails to mention one vital difference. When we change human laws, we change facts, but not so with the laws of Nature. The formulation of Boyle's Law did not alter the expansion of gases from what it was before Boyle was born, but the A.A.A. did lessen the expansion of the cotton crop.

The concluding chapters emphasize the relationship between contemporary science and law. Mr. Robson points out that the remarkable expansion of science during the last three centuries has been accomplished by a corresponding extension in the scope of law and government. Conversely, the growth of law has greatly facilitated the widespread applications of scientific discoveries. For example, the vast number of automobiles in use was made possible because science and mechanical inventiveness were supplemented by a complex legal system. The motorist is influenced, not only by traffic laws, but also by legal doctrines that enabled his car to be produced and sold cheaply and easily.

Such are some of the interesting ideas with which Mr. Robson develops his main thesis. It must be confessed that the interest in it frequently flags. The dissertation on "nature," "natural law," and "natural rights" are not free from the fog of dullness which usually surrounds these phrases. The multitudinous sources from which Mr. Robson draws are not perfectly blended. Consequently the book does not lend itself to continuous reading. The value lies in particular ideas and in the abundant information about out-of-the-way legal facts.

Zechariah Chafee, Jr., is professor of law at Harvard University.

The Soviet Soul

MEN AND MOUNTAINS. By M. Ilin. Translated by Beatrice Kinkead. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

IN "The Soul of a People" H. Fielding Hall gives a marvellous insight into the character and inner feelings of the people of Burma. In "Men and Mountains" Mr. Ilin has unconsciously done the same thing for the Russians in their present stage of transition. Nominally the book is a study of the way in which the Russians plan to conquer the deserts and mountains of Asia. Actually it opens the door upon the land of dreams in which the Russians are now living. With his clear and alluring style Mr. Ilin almost persuades us that he is talking about real plans. His brief, pithy sentences fill the reader with enthusiasm. Then comes a sudden jolt—to the scientist at least. "Travelers say that if you dig down to the depth of one foot in the desert of Kara-Kum the sand isn't dry, its moist." This is perfectly true. Why boggle over it? But in Mr. Ilin's magic hands it appears to apply to the entire desert instead of only one per cent or less. Page after fascinating page the book goes on, and on almost every page is a misstatement, exaggeration, or unwarranted implication.

From the psychological standpoint one of the most interesting things is that Mr. Ilin hypnotizes himself as well as his readers. From reasonable proposals he leads the reader on to mere dreams. For instance he says that the course of the river known as the Amu-Darya might reasonably be turned away from the Sea of Aral, and led into a new course, so that it would not only irrigate great tracts, but would improve the fishing in the Caspian Sea, provide a route for steamers "from the Caspian into the heart of Central Asia," and supply power for three great hydro-electric stations. But why be satisfied with such puny achievements? Where rivers cannot be brought for irrigation, let us erect innumerable windmills and pump up vast supplies of precious water. In the face of the Russian will-to-work what use is there in even mentioning the disagreeable fact that in most parts of the desert the water lies scores or hundreds of feet below the surface, and the majority of wells are brackish and unfit for irrigation? Again, let airplanes be sent over the vast desert to scatter grass seed, says Mr. Ilin. As a matter of fact, seeds are already there by the million. What is needed is water.

But now comes the climax. Russian scientists will supply the water:

> We shall cause or stop rain where and when we wish . . . We shall regulate the lives of rivers and create new ones . . . Weather stations . . . will know when a cargo of moisture is due to arrive from the ocean through the air, and immediately squadrons of aeroplanes will . . . meet the moisture and force rain to fall on the fields threatened by drought . . . Farmers will forget about droughts and crop failures . . .

Even if Mr. Ilin realizes that this final dream of rainmaking is a fantasy, the young Pioneers who read his book will not realize it. They will swallow it whole. Such dreams are more fascinating than the old faith in ikons. They satisfy the soul of modern Russia.

Ellsworth Huntington is research associate in geography at Yale University.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH *Helen R. Martin* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Novel	Famous but crooked M.D. engineers quality mayhem and almost murder on adoring spouse. Young assistant and girl to the rescue—with explanations.	Lemon extract
DOWN THE DARK ALLEY *Bertrand W. Sinclair* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Rum-running days from Vancouver down to Frisco Bay. The law catches up—but mildly, leaving Chris still holding five aces in his fist.	Briny
THE UNCHARTED ISLAND *Sydney Parkman* (Harpers: $2.)	Adventure	Murder and shipwreck in a double-quick tempo in the South Seas. Roughneck Bill Durrant dishes swift action. A girl? Sure.	Excellent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two New Novels to Enjoy

by the author of
THE LAST ADAM

MEN AND BRETHREN

James Gould Cozzens

"Mr. Cozzens deserves almost special praise for creating a clergyman as real as Ernest . . . a brilliantly integrated and authentic characterization. . . . He *is* like somebody we know in life, a contradictory and rather insoluble figure. He is a teasing mixture who might have just left the room and whom, with no two of our opinions quite alike, we want to discuss."—*Louis Kronenberger, The Nation.* $2.50

"A book as human as the folks next door"

Phil Stong's CAREER

by the author of STATE FAIR, FARMER IN THE DELL, etc.

Harry Hansen thus characterizes Phil Stong's new Iowa novel, a homely, tender story, and (says the N. Y. *Times* "in Mr. Stong's best manner—honest, simple, robustly humorous." "The soil of Iowa sticks to him and he returns the compliment, to the enrichment of our homespun literature." *Clifton Fadiman, New Yorker.* $2.00.

Up to here—your money's worth

From here on—something FREE

A Glimpse into the Future. "Gaudy" can be a noun in England. At a college in Oxford University it is used somewhat in the sense of "reunion" in our colleges. Which explains the title of the new DOROTHY L. SAYERS Lord Peter Wimsey novel with an Oxford setting, GAUDY NIGHT, a superb example of Miss Sayers' art which will be published on February 20 . . . Excitement is running high in literary circles over the forthcoming publication of an amazing American's correspondingly amazing autobiography—Negley Farson's THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR, coming February 13 . . . On our spring list are new books by PAUL DE KRUIF, L. H. MYERS, ELSWYTH THANE, VIRGINIA WOOLF, LOUIS ARAGON, E. M. FORSTER, KAY BOYLE, EDMUND WILSON, T. S. ELIOT, JOHN DOS PASSOS. Those interested may have on request a new catalog which tells all about them.

Eleven Poems Specially Selected for Bookmen is a pamphlet which many people have liked well enough to keep, and some have begged for more copies to bestow upon friends. If the *Saturday Review* readers haven't seen it, they may have a copy gratis. No strings to it except that, if you like it, you may be propelled to your bookseller's to examine a copy of THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF VERSE, from which the diminutive anthology, ***Eleven Poems Specially Selected for Bookmen*** was made. THE NEW YORKER BOOK OF VERSE is that gay, lightly (and sometimes darkly) lyrical and constantly re-readable collection of three hundred poems which were selected from the 4,000 printed by *The New Yorker.* Published late in 1935, it has gone through two printings, which assures the publishers that it is what it was intended to be, an outstandingly fine collection of modern verse, light and serious. It's $2.50, but the little pamphlet, ***Eleven Poems,*** costs you nothing but a postal.

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BORZOI BOOKS

For the happy few—

Maurice Baring

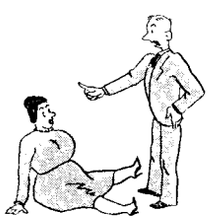
He has something in his manner, in the poise of his mind and the profound yet disenchanted sympathy for the helplessness of people, that is unique. It is this which lends so charming and memorable a quality to his new novel — the story of Joan Brendon, an aristocratic Englishwoman who during her "fortunate" life saw everyone and did everything, except what she wanted most to see and have.

Darby and Joan

$2.00 at better bookstores

ALFRED A. KNOPF

Who Brought the **FIRST** Breach-of-Promise Suit?



Strangely enough, it was a clergyman, —who brought suit against a woman. The case was tried in Virginia in 1623. The penalty for a third offense in those days was jail, a fine, or both.

MORE FIRST FACTS

By J. N. Kane. An amazing compendium. Worthy successor to "Famous First Facts." 1800 items, 599 pages, 38 illustrations. $2.75. The H. W. Wilson Co., 950 University Ave., New York.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SMOKING GUN

By CARROLL JOHN DALY

"As lively and exciting a story as anyone should want to read." —N. Y. *Times*

$2 STOKES

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HEREAFTER this department will appear forthnightly and be devoted exclusively to a discussion of contemporary poetry with, of course, references ever and again to poetry of the past as new volumes appear which afford a point of departure for such comment. Also, as in the present instance, I shall occasionally include short and particularly pertinent contributed verse. But on alternate weeks this department will not appear nor will it continue to discuss books and authors in general. News items of direct interest to those who follow poetry will, however, be inserted when they seem of particular moment.

This week, in memory of the late *Rudyard Kipling*, I present the following by *Leonard Bacon*, author of many volumes of poems, his latest being "The Voyage of Autoleon: A Fantastic Epic."

R. K. 1865—1936

No need, defender!
He passed uncowed.
His was splendor
Nothing could cloud,

Not his own failing
Could discrown.
And shall Momus railing
Write him down?

Not while true myth
Burns and bewilders
In "Brugglesmith"
And "The Bridge-Builders."

Not while great whales
Small-throated be,
Or one tramp sails
The Ocean-Sea.

Under the sun
Critics may cog.
But he is done
With the bandarlog.

By Thursday, January 30th, the Poetry Society of America will have held its annual dinner at the Biltmore Hotel. The guests are to include *Franz Werfel; S. I. Hsiung*, the Chinese dramatist whose play "Lady Precious Stream," is being produced in New York by *Morris Gest; A. S. W. Rosenbach*, the internationally known bibliophile; three Pulitzer Prize winners: *Stephen Vincent Benét, Leonora Speyer*, and *Audrey Wurdemann; Mrs. Harold Russell*, lifelong friend of *Amy Lowell; Christopher Morley* and his brother *Frank Morley; Joseph Auslander, Laura Benét, Peggy Bacon, David McCord*, and *Charles Hanson Towne. Dr. Henry Goddard Leach*, President of the Poetry Society, is to preside.

On next Wednesday, February 5th, *John Masefield*, Poet Laureate of England, will give a poetry recital at 3 P. M. in the Town Hall, on the eve of his departure for England. A display of rare manuscripts by the poet will be on exhibit in the lobby on the day of the recital. *Dr. Henry Goddard Leach* will introduce Mr. Masefield.

Audrey Wurdemann's "The Seven Sins" (Harper & Brothers) displays again her narrative gift, and she handles her rhymed free verse adroitly. Each one of the seven brothers who goes forth to find his fortune after the death of a patriarchal father, illustrates in his life one of the seven sins, Avarice, Gluttony, Pride, Anger, Lust, Envy, and Sloth. The poem devotes a section to each, and also bears a Prologue and Epilogue. I found the late Pulitzer Prize winner's story taken as a whole of much interest. It is illustrated by a notable artist. I like best the stories of Jasper the tiger-tamer, Stephen the lover, and Halley the painter. Miss Wurdemann writes her stories with the economy of good prose and hence has not allowed herself, in my own belief, enough indulgence of her lyrical gift. I have a feeling that this type of work is not her best medium, that it constrains her. In that I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that something is lost of spontaneous felicity. Nevertheless here is a book with an interesting pattern and one whose stories you will remember.

I don't quite see how *Richard Aldington*, so good a poet as he, could have chosen so banal a title for his new book as "Life Quest," save that he relates it to a historical description of the life quest to be found in *Sir G. Elliot Smith's* "Human History," a book I have never come across. The best things in the present slim volume of meditations are Mr. Aldington's more flippant moments, as

Cannibal Christians out on the spree
Eating their god to eternitee,
Fee, fi, fo, fum.

This last is from a series of comments on the new science. And Number XI, with the query concerning the love of one's neighbors, also amused me quite a bit. Number XII, however, about the enormous ghost of the mountain gorge, and particularly Number XVI about the dead snake, are poems one likes to reread. However, Aldington is not properly judged by such fragments. We will hope for something less disconnected soon.

Out in Detroit one *Ivan Swift*, being asked to get inspiration like Li Po and send in things, sent in:

HORSES

When I see a nice police horse
Standing saddled in an alley—
Behind the Greek restaurants,
Which the officer investigates—
I am tempted to mount and ride away.
The horse, knowing men, wouldn't object;
But the officer, knowing his horse, would.
There is law against mounting some horses
Not our own exactly;
But the law should be expanded
To cover Pegasus,
As well as Bucephalus.

Are you a

POE ADDICT?

—SEE THE BACK COVER!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

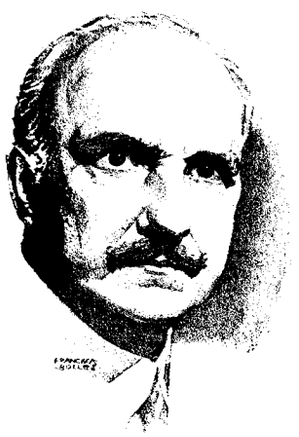
"A thrilling event in the world of Letters"

The Last Puritan

A Memoir in the Form of a Novel

by

George Santayana



World renowned for more than forty years as philosopher, poet, and essayist, George Santayana, "by all odds our greatest living American writer," crowns his achievements with a book that is destined to live as one of the truly great American novels.

It is the life story of Oliver Alden, born in New England in the '90's, who "convinced himself that it was wrong to be a Puritan . . . and remained a Puritan notwithstanding." Mr. Santayana calls it "the sentimental education or disillusionment of a superior young American." More than that it is a spiritual landscape of the Puritan New England scene, a brilliant portrait gallery of unforgettable characters, a story warmly emotional, dramatic, and filled with gaiety and charm.

"As a study of a certain strain of New Englandism, as a sentimental-ironic dissection of a North American tradition, as a final burning coal upon the cindered brow of an anæmic and collapsing culture, it is superb." —Christopher Morley in *The Book-of-the-Month Club Bulletin.*
$2.75

February Choice of The Book-of-the-Month Club

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

Current Books of Importance

The Hoover Administration

A Documented Narrative

by **W. S. Myers**
Professor of Politics at Princeton University

and **W. H. Newton**
Member of Congress from 1919-29; Secretary to the President, 1929-33

A day-by-day chronicle of political and economic events in four critical years of American history, including much material not before published. Of interest to every intelligent citizen. $3.50

✓ *Fourth Big Printing*

We Who Are About to Die

by **David Lamson**

"The book to which my thoughts have gone back oftener than to any other book I've read this year. . . . Fascinating in itself and to my notion profoundly important."
ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT $2.50

✓ *Twelfth Big Printing*

Europa

The Sensational Novel

by **Robert Briffault**

"Immensely interesting and thoroughly informed. . . . Mr. Briffault has written in the guise of fiction social history that explains itself."
Ben Ray Redman in The Saturday Review of Literature
$2.75

✓

The Twenties:

Our Times, Vol. VI

by **Mark Sullivan**

"Packed to the brim with priceless Americana in text and pictures. . . . The whole texture of that golden decade is here." *Boston Herald*
200 illustrations $3.75

OUR TIMES, *complete in 6 fully illustrated volumes, boxed,* $22.50

at all bookstores

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Archaeology

UR EXCAVATIONS. Volume II. The Royal Cemetery. By C. Leonard Woolley. With chapters by the Reverend E. R. Burrows, Sir Arthur Keith, Dr. L. Legrain, and Dr. H. J. Plenderleith. Oxford University Press. 1935. $20.

From 1926 to 1931 the joint expedition of the British Museum and of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania to Mesopotamia excavated the more than complicated Royal Cemetery at Ur in the Valley of the Euphrates. Preliminary reports on the Predynastic and Sargonid graves uncovered have appeared from time to time in the *Antiquaries Journal* of London and in the *Museum Journal* of the University Museum in Philadelphia. Now we are presented with a highly commendable detailed report of this work by the director, C. Leonard Woolley, with supplementary chapters by specialists in the fields of writing, anthropometrics, cylinder seals, and metals and metal technique.

In his account, Dr. Woolley has not produced a book for the layman. As is consistent with a scholarly report on archæological work, a large portion is devoted to very detailed description of some of the more outstanding tombs; a careful analysis of architectural features, dress, engravings, metal work, stone objects, woodwork, pottery; and a description in the text or the catalogue of the eighteen thousand objects found in the cemetery. Outstanding problems such as that of dating are presented with Dr. Woolley's solution of them so far as the evidence permits. He has also included at the end a fairly complete bibliography.

A. S.

AFRAID
of the dark?
—SEE THE BACK COVER!

Biography

THE BROWNING BOX, or The Life and Works of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Edited by H. W. Donner. Oxford University Press. 1935. $5.

The letters here published are largely from a collection of MSS left by T. F. Kelsall, a friend of Beddoes, the poet, to Browning. Twenty new Browning letters are the chief item. They are friendly and cordial, full of compliments to the aging man who had done so much for Beddoes's fame. In their criticism of the poet, they are encomiastic rather than penetrating, but to Kelsall no more was needed. As to the rest of the volume, one picks out a handful of well-known names, but their letters are disappointing, and have little importance except in relation to Beddoes. But if one is interested in that curious man, Oxford graduate, student of medicine in European universities, macabre poet, and suicide, the historical imagination can follow the letters of his friends to one another and create slowly a dim but moving figure.

E. C. W.

THE WHOLE WORLD AND COMPANY. By Gretchen Green. Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc. 1936. $3.

Miss Green, holding the personal at arm's length, writes only of what is outside herself, but her book gives us a picture of a life and a personality. She is one of those adventurous spirits who by living the world's life enormously enlarge their possibilities of experience, an essentially Anglo-Saxon woman who combines a sense of duty towards humanity with a passion for travel. She can apparently do almost anything from nursing the sick to running a tea-room, and one is sure that she is at her best in emergencies.

The book is a lively jotting down of experiences. Recorded with a traveler's glancing eye for color, anecdote, and picturesqueness, they have the vividness and immediacy found in diaries or letters. The chapters about Tagore and his school at Sriniketan are the most interesting parts of the book.

C. C.

Fiction

THE BALCONY. By Adrian Bell. Simon & Schuster. 1936. $2.50.

There is an indescribable charm in memories of childhood that truly evoke lost sensations, in the deeply-forgotten memories that some chance word or taste or smell may revive in all their first freshness to quiver briefly in our minds. They bring with them a sense of recognition and a further sense of a meaning unanalyzable but oddly satisfying, drenching the thing remembered. Elusive, and not easily evoked, they are difficult to hold, and sometimes wither in the moment of their rebirth.

Adrian Bell in "The Balcony" captures the child's memory and analyzes the meaning behind it. His book is not quite fiction; it does not plunge us into the world of childhood as Katherine Mansfield did; his memories touch us to response and recognition and are then reflected in the quiet mirror of his mind. All through the book there is the glimpse and the long-held reflection, as though the thing itself were too delicate to survive direct examination and must be studied and pondered through its image. Few writers have conveyed a child's wonder about the world, his delight in small and apparently irrelevant things, or his bewilderment among grown-up people more subtly than Mr. Bell; he has also accomplished the more difficult task of interpreting the wonders and delights.

The backward-searching, careful effort of a mind groping in remembrance pro-

A BRAND NEW BOOK OF
DOUBLE-CROSTICS
WITH AN ENTIRELY NEW FEATURE!

The new book of Double-Crostics contains fifty entirely new and better puzzles. It also contains a new physical feature which eliminates the purely mechanical and tedious work of filling in letters in the Definitions which you have found from filling in words in the diagram. (This feature has never appeared before, either in *The Saturday Review* or in the previous book of Double-Crostics.)

As a result, whereas solving Double-Crostics was about 75% fun and 25% drudgery in the first book, it now becomes 100% fun.

It isn't necessary to remind readers of *The Saturday Review* that Elizabeth Kingsley's Double-Crostics have developed a growing band of followers in the same way that the first cross-word puzzle books did. But, as Mrs. Kingsley gets more and more experience in constructing Double-Crostics, so the puzzles get better and better. That's why these very latest ones are the best of the lot—and that's why we are able to guarantee you at least 100 hours of fun—or your money back!

To Your Bookseller or
Simon and Schuster, Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me ..... copies of *Double-Crostics*, Series 2, Price $1.35,
for which I enclose .....
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....
☐ Please send C. O. D.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duces prose that is sensitively true and right, and modulates it to a particular tone that inevitably holds the reader in suspended enchantment. It is frequently heard in Proust, there was something of it in Percy Lubbock's "Earlham," and it is audible in "The Balcony." Mr. Bell, writing with great simplicity, contrives to show us people and things at once enhanced and set apart, as though they existed in a finer, rarer atmosphere than our own. His characters are as clear to us as if we saw them ourselves with the eyes of six years old, but they have the fantastic, charming remoteness of creatures who move in a vanished world.

C. C.

AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS. By Ruth Eleanor McKee. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

Miss McKee gives the half-degenerate yet shrewd society that has inherited the profits of the Hawaiian Islands from missionary forefathers a rather desultory slap in the face. This book is particularly flabby when compared with her first novel, "The Lord's Anointed," in which appeared that extraordinary missionary wife, Constancy Williams, with whom one learned to laugh sympathetically at the pious settlers of 1820. Now, "after a hundred years," Constancy's great-grandson comes back to the Islands hoping to recapture the spirit of his great-grandmother in writing, and to revive the love of his cynical young American wife estranged by his service overseas. The great-grandson isn't much compared with Constancy, nor can one imagine him creating such a book as "The Lord's Anointed."

In her new book Miss McKee has foregone humorous tolerance, yet failed to achieve satiric strength. Perhaps this is because she has thrust one of those sponge-like post-war sex problems arbitrarily into a Hawaiian setting. Even the poetically-minded husband's attempts to call up a luminous past serve only to fan the fetid air of cynicism that pervades the book.

D. P.

FOUR GARDENS. Margery Sharp. Putnams. 1935. $2.50.

There is refreshment in this book of Margery Sharp's, a cool sanity that is infinitely restful. She has by nature something of the Jane Austen touch, springing from a detached, quiet power of observation, a delicious, satirical way of relishing

(*Continued on next page*)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 96)

DOBSON—"BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME."

There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitehorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
And the Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey! — for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

And Gladly Teach

BLISS PERRY

This simple, quiet, unpretentious autobiography by a famous teacher and former editor of the Atlantic Monthly has been on the list of best-sellers ever since its publication last October. . . . . Illus. $3.00

The Four Georges

SIR CHARLES PETRIE

In these brilliant pages, the author of "The Stuart Pretenders," reinterprets and revalues that picturesque and violent period, 1714 to 1830, from which England emerged a modern nation. . . . . Illus. $3.50

Man and the Sea

J. HOLLAND ROSE

This story of the great sea-explorers covers the whole field of maritime exploration from the earliest times to the nineteenth century. Illus. $3.00

Apache Agent

WOODWORTH CLUM

The story of John P. Clum, famous Apache Agent, captor of Geronimo, and Mayor of Tombstone during its most turbulent period. . Illus. $3.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

affectation, and a respect for sensible, genuine people.

It is a quiet book, the life-story of a woman to whom very little ever happens, a woman as undistinguished as her name of Caroline Smith. But it is a pleasure to read about her and her great good sense; she is lovable in her simplicity, and because of the gentle, irrepressible spark of humor that she possesses. But for all her simplicity she has maturity and wisdom. There is a note of high comedy, rare enough in these days, in the deftness with which she copes with her two ultra-modern children.

All the details are so right and neat, the shades of social difference in the little English town where Caroline lives shown to such nicety, the varying relationships between people set forth with so much exactness and delicacy, that the book makes delightful reading.

C. C.

GIRL ALONE. By Christa Winsloe. Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Eva-Maria came to Munich to study art; and apparently she had enough ability to accomplish something before the events related in this novel came to an end. However, it is not with the endeavors that Eva-Maria made in the schools and studios that the story primarily deals. It is rather an account of the endeavors that the girl made to find herself and to plan her own personal life.

The nature of the work which Eva-Maria undertook led her inevitably to acquaintance with the strange and unusual beings intimately connected with the artistic life of Munich. As far as one can judge from the story, she met no normal people in Munich: her entire acquaintance was with the unnatural fringe of the artistic world. She got to imitate their ways so much, without really becoming one of them, that even they gossiped about her. But it is difficult to imagine that a girl in Munich, however naive and timid, would meet no one of the solid and substantial, sane Bavarians. Although Eva-Maria is portrayed with much sympathy, the author has stacked the cards against her in order to make her psychological troubles more impressive. As a result, a reader is apt to grow impatient first with Eva-Maria, and then with the author; especially after the Italian episode, which simply does not seem to make sense. The solution, as far as it is intelligible, is far too easy.

S. N.

Do you enjoy being

SCARED?

—SEE THE BACK COVER!

Brilliant! Exciting! Powerful!

CHRIST IN BOHEMIA

By PAULINE FRANCIS STEPHENS

$2 AT LEADING BOOK STORES

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Our King Was with Us

THERE are students of the rabbinical law who are so singly versed in the Talmud that if you should drive a pin through the text of any edition of it (since all editions correspond, page for page), and should inform these devotees where the pin had entered, they could recite to you, in full sequence, every word that you had perforated. In my day, and for many college generations before (and some after), there were men who could have done almost that with Kipling. He was the law and all the prophets. He was the great god Rud. I remember an instructor who margined an angry red cross alongside "the coolth of the evening." The offending student descended upon him waving his theme in triumph. "Kipling uses it in 'Plain Tales from the Hills'!"—of course he named the story, probably the paragraph. The instructor apologized. He may even have resigned, or shot himself.

A few years ago I asked an English professor if Kipling was still the undergraduate lodestar. "No," he sighed. "Lord knows who it is this week. A month ago it was—" well, it was a good man whom I shall not patronize by naming—a good man, but unworthy to pass the swab that a better might black Kipling's boots. Now he is gone, and say what you will of him—that he was Tory to the marrow, that he was grand high priest of Babbittry, that he could make blah sing as none had made it sing before. He is gone, and there are those of us in our forties (and some in our thirties and fifties) who mark in his passing the end of our boyhood.

It has been remarked in these recent days that Kipling's last illness did not grip the world with the breathless intensity with which it watched his struggle against pneumonia in New York in 1899. For a few weeks the Hotel Grenoble, torn down four or five years since, was the center of the solar system. Not until Kipling himself was far on the way to recovery was he informed that his first born, Josephine, six years old, had died of the same illness during his early convalescence.

Kipling's physical and emotional crisis interrupted, among other tasks, the current of "Just So Stories," three of which had appeared during 1897 and 1898 in *St. Nicholas.* Not until October, 1901, with the publication of "How the Leopard Got His Spots" in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* was the series resumed. By the following October seven other "Just So Stories" had seen periodical publication.

Of all twelve stories, only one, "How the Alphabet Was Made," did not appear in serial form—it continues the chronicle begun in "How the First Letter Was Written," and its heroine is Taffimai Metallumai (which is to say small-person-without-any-manners-who-ought-to-be-spanked), otherwise Taffy. To say that Taffy of the stories was little Josephine Kipling is to attempt a pointlessly elaborate parallelism—any father writing a child's story containing a child character can hardly avoid identifying that character with one or more of his own children. It would perhaps be equally pointless to seek to attach any sentimental significance to the non-serialization of "How the Alphabet Was Made."

But when one approaches the verses that follow the story—

Of all the Tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure, none remain,—
On Merrow Down the Cuckoos cry—
The silence and the sun remain—

one is on surer ground. Here, beyond per-

(*Continued on page* 22)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE POISON CROSS MYSTERY *Inez Haynes Irwin* (Smith & Haas: $2.)	Wealthy art-connoisseur slain on Satuit (Mass.) estate. Pat O'Brien, local cop, solves an old puzzle.	Extremely well-bred tale of nice people confronted with crime. But good breeding doesn't hurt the action.	Pleasant
THE STAR OF MIDNIGHT *Arthur Somers Roche* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Gossip columnist killed: musical comedy star vanishes. Clay Dalzell, who knows and sees all, fixes everything.	Slick and suave yarn of Metropolitan intrigue and gangsters. Hero a bit too omniscient but action and talk are good.	Agreeable
THE MURDER OF A BAD MAN *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Judge's son, disguised, joins entourage of murderous Mack Shenton and drives villain to suicidal doom.	Fever-heated yarn of night clubs, hi-jackers, cold-blooded killers, hapless gals, and similar goo.	Pretty bad

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

IDIOTIC Old Quercus, girding his tires to drive icy roads, remembers Rousseau's opening sentence: "Man, born free, is everywhere in chains." ☞As he skids on glazy byways he consoles himself by recalling the much worse trouble of Napoleon and the Grand Army mushing out of Muscovy. ☞De Caulaincourt describes how the Emperor and the Old Guard slid down hills sitting on their hams. ☞Fortunately Brigadier Gerard (you know your Conan Doyle) did not see that indignity. It would have killed him. (He was then riding to Minsk.) ☞The Emperor and his Master of Horse in a chilly box on runners, tilting and squeaking through the snows of Poland, is a fascinating story. ☞And published by Morrow. ☞Napoleon, when pleased by something, would try to pinch Caulaincourt's ear, but couldn't reach it because C. wore a huge fur bonnet. ☞Also good reading for a cold night, Conrad's vivid story of the retreat from Russia, in *Tales of Hearsay*. ☞Comes to us a little magazine called *Anathema*, published at 15 Lindall Place, Boston. It says "over several afternoon teas at a charming Boston home, a Monarchist Party has been organized by a group of young men and women who have felt for some time that Republicans and Democrats no longer deserve to be considered intellectually respectable." ☞Thus a new Boston Tea Party cancels out with the original one. ☞Mr. David Page, Master of Horse for the American Monarchist Party, nominates George Santayana as King. ☞The unmitigated hooey (about Moscow, etc.) at the conclusion of Al Smith's speech last Saturday rather saddened Old Quercus. ☞Always interested in anything that happens on 45th Street, we note that Melbert B. Cary Jr.'s Press of the Woolly Whale (228 East 45, N. Y. C.) is preparing a second volume of the innumerable verses of *Mlle. from Armentières*. It is sold only to A.E.F. ex-service men. Mr. Cary's annual Armistice Day remembrance has just appeared, Richard Le Gallienne's little essay on *Exaggerated Nationalism*. ☞E. P. Dutton have brought out a new edition of A. A. Milne's admirable *The Red House Mystery* at $1. ☞Houghton Mifflin send out advance review copies of their novels printed on inexpensive thinnish paper and bound only in the bright-colored jacket. How we wish the trade copies of current fiction were as attractive, flexible, unbulky and portable as that. A great deal of cloth and boards is wasted on books not worth binding anyhow. Yet every American attempt at paper-bound fiction seems to end in deficit. Just another evidence of human sheepishness.

For

GOOSE-FLESH

—SEE THE BACK COVER!

☞D. N. wants to know if any of our readers can say who was the author of *I, In Which a Woman Tells Her Truth About Herself*. It was published by Appleton in 1906; it is said that only the late Edward Bok knew the author's identity. Is this so? ☞We missed until lately *The Shadow on the Downs* by R. C. Woodthorpe (a Crime Club book) which celebrates that delightful vinegary old spinster Matilda Perks. Unusually good reading for a winter night.

☞We were heartily sorry to hear of the death of talented Meredith Janvier in Baltimore. Mr. Janvier, alert and temperamental dealer in prints and rare editions, was active in many interests. He was a clever camera portraitist, a muscular gymnast laurelled by Sandow, a delightful writer on the social life of old Baltimore. His studio-bookshop on West Hamilton Street, Baltimore, was a favorite calling place for all cognizables in the arts. ☞Wish we had a copy of the Linweave Association's issue of Mr. Don Marquis's *Her Foot is on the Brass Rail*, illustrated by Thurber. It's bound (says the *P. W.*) in "Coxcomb Della Robbia." It should have been printed on *Papier d'archy?* ☞Ernest Dressel North (Summit, N. J.) lists Tomlinson's The Sea and the Jungle, a "superfine copy of the rare First Edition," at $250. ☞Lippincott plans to break out a special lightweight Aviation Edition of Claudia Cranston's *Sky Gypsy* at a publishing lunch held in an airplane above N. Y. City on January 31 —weather permitting. ☞Random House says of a young poet on its list (Kenneth Patchen) that he "scorns the devices of his poetic elders." ☞This is surely an error in publishing tact? And probably untrue of the young poet. Genuine poets are slow to scorn the achievements that have brought their own minds to birth.

☞Pleased to see that some still read Frank Stockton; Walter L. Pforzheimer has reprinted his essay *Stocktoniana* which won a student prize at Yale, together with the famous story *The Lady, or The Tiger?* ☞We ourself got our first editions of *Rudder Grange* (15 cents) and *The Late Mrs. Null* (25 cents) at Philadelphia secondhanders long ago. ☞Glad to hear that good Philip Warner, the Veteran of Leary's well-loved bookstore in Philly, is making good recovery from an operation. ☞Mr. Earle Walbridge, the E. Nesbit fan, will be appalled to learn that in Agatha Christie's new shocker, *The A. B. C. Murders* (one of her best) the criminal is discovered partly by his love of E. Nesbit's *The Railway Children*.

☞Quercus was glad indeed to note that Judge Nathaniel Perlman dismissed the complaint brought by Mr. Sumner and his Vice Society against the Gotham Book Mart (for having sold a book by André Gide). We have not had a chance to read Judge Perlman's decision but are told that it was 12 pages of text and serves as another admirable thoughtmark in the growing movement against the form of censorship attempted by Mr. Sumner.

The AMEN CORNER

"In spending lies the advantage.
1640 HERBERT *Outl. Wks.* (1859) I. 320."

So says what Mr. Harry Hansen has called "the latest indispensable book that bears the Oxford imprint"—*The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*,[1] Compiled by W. G. Smith, with Introduction and Index by Janet E. Heseltine. "In this book the compiler has followed the example of the *Oxford English Dictionary*,[2] which has been invaluable alike as a model and as source of information, and to each proverb he has appended illustrative quotations in chronological order." Like all Oxford Reference Books (who does not read Mr. Fowler's *Modern English Usage*[3] and Mr. Horwill's *Modern American Usage*[3] for pure amusement as well as instruction?) it is nearly impossible to put it down once you open it. *The Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs* is "one of the most useful and one of the most entertaining reference books that I have ever seen," Professor William Lyon Phelps wrote the Oxonian the other day.

We turned naturally to the proverbs dealing with Oxford. "Oxford for learning, London for wit. . . ." But "half a tale is enough for a wise man." You cannot spend to better advantage than in laying out your funds on Oxford Reference Books.[4]

* * *

"Hang saving: bring us a ha'porth of cheese." Bring us, in fact, some of those fascinating biographies the Oxford Press has been publishing lately. We believe we dwelt at some length last month on *The Life of Washington Irving*, by Stanley T. Williams.[5] Here is another American subject—*James Edward Oglethorpe: Imperial Idealist*, by A. A. Ettinger. Oglethorpe was, of course, the founder of Georgia, and most of the book is concerned with the early history of that Colony. But, "for fifteen years after he retired from the political drama James Oglethorpe found contentment and pleasure in the society of literary and artistic giants of that period in English life which has so properly been called the Age of Johnson—the good Doctor himself; James Boswell," and the others of their circle.

Which reminds us that the Oxford Press are now the distributors of the remaining sets of the 18-volume limited edition of the most important literary discovery of recent times, *The Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle*, in the Collection of Lt. Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham, prepared for the press by the late Geoffrey Scott, and Frederick A. Pottle.[6]

Last year they published the new revision by Mr. L. F. Powell of Birkbeck Hills' standard edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*,[7] the most fascinating of all biographies.

To return to recent biographies, however, one of the Oxonian's favourites is *Randall Davidson. Archbishop of Canterbury*,[8] by G. K. A. Bell. Davidson was an intimate friend of Queen Victoria, and high in the councils of King Edward VII and King George V; and the result, as the *Manchester Guardian* says is a book "more interesting than any novel; more full of matter of first-rate importance than most histories."

But space fails us. Go to the bookseller, thou sluggard!

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $6.50. (2) 13 vols., $125.00. Write for prospectus with specimen page and details of the easy payment plan. Oxford University Press. 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (3) $3.25. (4) Write for complete list. (5) 2 vols., 53 illustrations. $15.00. (6) $900.00. (7) 4 vols., $28.00. (8) 2 vols., $12.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector

(*Continued from page 20*)

adventure, Taffy is little Josephine and Tegumai is Rudyard Kipling:

For far—oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him.

Seasonable Thoughts

Persons contemplating the fabrication and dispatch of valentines to collector friends are hereby offered this garland of sentiments from which to select (or you may use them all if you want to):

I care very little about rare books and first editions. I write books and I read plenty of them, but I am no "bookman" or "book-lover," no collector. I have never even understood the first-edition man at all: he seems to me the most foolish of collectors. And when I find the prices of these early editions being raised a pound or two because of a dropped letter on the title-page or a misprint in the first chapter, I feel I am spying upon lunatics.—J. B. PRIESTLEY: *English Journey.*

There are two sorts of book collecting: of books fine and memorable in themselves, and of "items" that are merely rare—and generally monstrously expensive. Devotees of the second sort of collecting I suspect of being just such exhibitionists as are the dreary people who are renowned for having the largest house on Myrtle Avenue or the costliest limousine in Omaha or the longest string of honorary degrees in the university. To possess one of the three copies extant of a dingy little pamphlet written by Thomas Hardy before he knew better; to hunt down, and pay real book-money for, one of the second issue of the first edition of a Kipling novel (the issue in which, on page 7, Smith is spelled Smiht); this is less noble than stamp collecting. No, the collection of books for their rarity ranks with the collection of walking sticks, match books, or the shirts of movie heroes. — SINCLAIR LEWIS: *A Note on Book Collecting.*

"My father is a collector," I said, meaning that this might explain his inhumanity. — JOHN MASEFIELD: *The Taking of the Gry.*

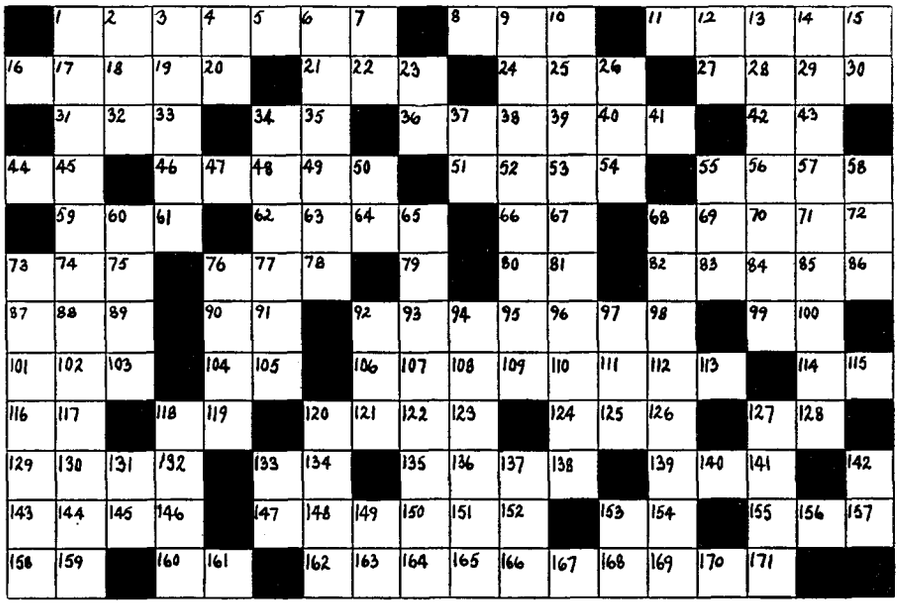
Prince Nevidof pointed out the rich and exquisitely tooled bindings stamped with elaborate designs of lingams and yonis. He showed some volumes bound in human skin. The *Perfumed Garden* of Sheikh Nafsawi was bound in the skin of a negress. There were Chinese books with pictures of fantastic obscenity, bound between tablets covered with human scalps which still retained the hair.—ROBERT BRIFFAULT: *Europa.*

Not until 1964 will there be another February after this next during which five numbers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* (10 cents a copy) will be issued.

Do you like
HORROR?
—SEE THE BACK COVER!

Double-Crostics: No. 97

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Confused.

II. Pure.

III. Impatient under coercion.

IV. Goddess of Fortune (Gr.).

V. Beginning.

VI. A Biblical vessel (2 words).

VII. Keenness of discernment.

VIII. Not at all.

IX. Chief port of Belgium.

X. Memento, prize.

XI. Excursions.

XII. "Jungle Book" hero.

XIII. An affirmative.

XIV. Earstone of fish.

XV. Instigates.

XVI. Sea nymphs.

XVII. Consort of Napoleon III.

XVIII. A Wagnerian hero.

XIX. An act of general pardon.

XX. Author of "The Torch-bearers."

XXI. To wheedle.

XXII. Race of South Africa.

XXIII. Somewhat advanced in age.

XXIV. Supposedly progressive thinkers.

XXV. Member of English King's bodyguard.

WORDS

59 53 142 26 80 6 170 64 78

111 91 139 114 144 105 98 52 10

40 88 138 61 32 95 113

118 24 97 63 41

83 93 39 27 3 166

77 134 148 136 153 124 112 116

160 167 149 13 22 9

5 12 156 96 146 123

46 51 68 55 37 107 14

31 89 28 92 168 131

154 71 133 115 147 101 20

127 119 62 150 58 90

35 108 75

100 135 81 57 122 42 151

1 25 34 117 19 74 155

103 30 54 84 15 94 36 132

163 60 21 158 49 137 56

164 130 73 102 65 72 2 17 99

8 162 16 45 110 120 67

104 43 128 141 161

11 165 129 70 47 157

69 18 106 152 4 86 23 48 159 38

143 126 82 79 33 121

145 85 44 50 140 76 125 7

171 87 169 66 109 29

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

THE WHOLE DUTY OF A YOUNG POET —by Haniel Long, author of Pittsburgh Memoranda—reprint from SHARDS, the Poetry Quarterly, given free with each subscription beginning with winter issue. $1 a year. Box 2007, Augusta, Ga.

THAT BOOK YOU WANT, used, new, out-of-print, may be available at a low price from our stock of over 1,000,000 books. Ask for special lists: Americana, Philosophy, Art, Literature, Writing, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Dictionaries, Sets. General Catalog No. 203, now ready. Are you on our mailing list? We can procure any book for you. BARNES & NOBLE, INC., Founded 1874, 105 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS. CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

NEW CATALOGUES No. 4, Modern First Editions; and No. 5, Autographs and Press Books. TECOLOTE BOOK SHOP, de La Guerra Studios, Santa Barbara, Calif.

FOREIGN

SOVIET BOOKS for children of pre-school age; consist almost entirely of colored illustrations. 15c-75c. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

GENERAL

THE CLAYTON SPICER PRESS, Printing and Publishing, 30 West 15th Street, N. Y. C.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles, and verse, criticized and marketed. Play scenario and radio departments. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New Authors invited. Write or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS. LITERARY AGENT, 47 W. 42nd St., New York.

PRIZES FOR WRITERS! $135,000 Prizes for amateur writers! Send 3c for explanatory booklet. U. S. School of Writing, 20-25 W. 60th St., New York City.

UNARRIVED WRITERS seeking analysis of abilities or serious systematic training are invited to look up THOMAS H. UZZELL, former fiction editor Collier's, author standard-text, "Narrative Technique," fifteen years teaching scores successful writers, including best sellers. Faculty N. Y. U. Call, phone, or write. 342 Madison Avenue, New York, VAnderbilt 3-1245.

MRS. ALFRED OWRE. Expert manuscript revision, editing, proofreading, typing; translations; research; preparation of articles, essays, addresses from authors' materials. Distinguished references. Reasonable rates. 16 East Twenty-third Street, New York. GRamercy 5-9526. 11:00-1:00 daily, except Saturdays.

AUTHORS' READER SERVICE. Experienced proofreader in both English and Spanish will undertake reading of proof; typing manuscripts and polishing same. University and publishers experience, and references. Address, Authors' Service, P. O. Box 1312, New Haven, Conn.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

RESEARCH FOR WRITERS. Source material promptly assembled. BOOK RESEARCH BUREAU, 121 East 23rd Street, New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes in supplying out-of-print and rare books. Also new books. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, City.

SCARCE—UNUSUAL books found. Reasonable. BOOK RESEARCH BUREAU, 121 East 23rd Street, New York.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New, USED Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology. Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York. Send for our latest catalogue.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside —In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, middle-aged, interested in antiques and art, wishes to meet those of similar tastes, especially in Greenwich Village. Box 9-B.

NEED MONEY? TIRED OF SMALL PAY? Read NEW book "1000 Ways To Make $1000." Tells how hundreds started own businesses on small capital. 500 pages. Clothbound, 5½ by 8½ inches. $2.50 postpaid. You Take No Risk! Money cheerfully refunded, if not 100% delighted! Personal Book Service, 1744-S Clay Avenue, New York. *References:—Dun-Bradstreet.*

ORCHESTRA MODERNE — enchantingly smooth, sweet—refreshingly rhythmic, "swingy" —"Who's Who in Radio" listing. Terminating affiliation Major Bowes and N. B. C., offers discriminating single-engagement clientèle dance divertissement that challenges comparison. Suite 23-A, Hotel Flanders.

EPICURE, writer or philosopher, seeking uninterrupted peace and pleasant surroundings, please communicate. Half hour New York. Private home. Secluded garden. Unbelievably reasonable. Two Women.

HELLO AUSTRIA! Ninth at nine. "Die Lorelei," piano. Hoffentlich!

NEW YORK LASS would welcome occasional talks, walks with lone person, 35-45. Wee Marianne.

ACCURSED be the Fate that made my progenitor Friend of a friend of a friend of a Senator. Thus getting me into a Government bureau (Where any day the S'preme Court can queer you!) O, isn't there work for a lad stenographical, That's interesting, honest, & even romantical? Box 33-B.

DICKENS LOVERS! Early American editions "Dombey," "Copperfield," 2 vols. each; numerous wood engravings. All for ten dollars. Box 336, Morganton, N. C.

FOUNDATIONS OF FICTION WRITING

BEGINNING writers seeking thorough training in professional fiction writing are invited to apply for admission to lecture-conference course conducted Wednesday evenings at New York University, Washington Square, by THOMAS H. UZZELL and HARLAN LOGAN. New group begins Feb. 5. Lectures by Mr. Uzzell (former fiction editor *Collier's*, author "Narrative Technique," etc., discoverer of many successful writers) deal with qualifications, technique, trends of today, etc. Writing for publication under personal criticism. Fee $20.00. Write or phone for information.

DIVISION OF GENERAL EDUCATION
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
33-D Press Bldg., 32 Washington Place,
New York City Phone: Spring 7-2000

There's something
UNUSUAL
ON THE BACK COVER!

PERSONALS

PART-TIME WORK WANTED. Mornings, afternoons, or evenings. Experienced author's secretary. College graduate, journalism major. Dictation to typewriter or in shorthand, proofreading, research. Box 810-A.

WITTY CORRESPONDENCE direly needed to banish mid-winter ennui. A Stifled Sister.

STUCK? Can't get that story, article or speech just right? Something to be ghostwritten, collaborated on or translated? Duquesne.

WILL SOME bright imaginative young woman collaborate with genial budding author in preparation of Cultural Correspondence School subjects? Box 20-B.

YOUNG WOMAN, 30, free to go anywhere, do anything (legal), from June to September—salary not too important—expert secretary, good driver and excellent cook. Any offers? Box 21-B.

YOUNG MAN, 22, employee of book shop, wants to go West to live. Companion, tutor, etc. Will accept any unreasonable offer. Box 23-B.

WANTED. Originals or copies of magazine illustrations, photographs, etc., depicting typical life and scenes of about fifty years ago. Write me what you have. Address M. Box 24-B.

DOESN'T an ordinary, somewhat intelligent, sociable young man want to write to Me? Box 25-B.

YOUNG MAN would like to hear from interesting, different and intelligent dames. Box 28-B.

ANACHRONISTIC young woman with preference for such simple delights as walking, talking, and poetry, wonders if any kindred spirits do exist. Box 29-B.

COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, twenty-eight, employed but desiring change for few months, will accept work of any sort. References. Box 30-B.

I LIKE AGREEABLE but not too intellectual young men. Anyone interested in writing? Box 26-B.

TRANSLATOR OR GOVERNESS, English, French, German, Russian. Box 27-B.

YOUNG MAN, unattached, physically and mentally healthy. Excellent driver. Varied interests. Job needed. Box 31-B.

BORN FOR BOOKS! Girl under thirty, with bookstore, publishing experience, pines for book job, even at twenty per week. Bookfolk will understand! Box 37-B.

MAN, 30, with word sense wants beginning opportunity in advertising. New York.

YOUNG WOMAN, provincial, shy, interested in writing, overwhelmed with rejection-slips, desires cheerful correspondence. Box 32-B.

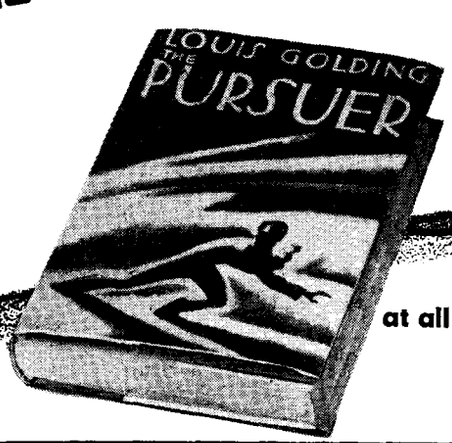
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Pursuer

THE NEW NOVEL BY

Louis Golding

will fascinate everyone who likes the unusual



at all bookshops
$2.00

Read what the critics say:

more than a thriller "It has a quality of horror-stricken fascination that keeps the reader absorbed through brilliant pages. It is more than a thriller, more than a psychological murder yarn, for it brings to light the hidden places of the soul."
—*N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE*

a terror haunted nightmare "Once started on the mad race your only refuge will be the end of the book. It is a terror haunted nightmare, a brilliant performance." —*CHICAGO TRIBUNE*

powerful "In less able hands it would have been a story of stark horror, but Mr. Golding, with his artistry and deep insight of humanity, has made it an excellent character study . . . a powerful psychological novel." —*PHILADELPHIA LEDGER*

thrilling moments "A psychological horror story, it gives hunters of goose flesh and duck bumps some satisfactorily thrilling moments."—*TIME*

the genius of Poe "It has that divine spark of genius that Poe held in his slender hands . . . A book that may eventually become one of the classic things by which we live."
—*SPRINGFIELD (OHIO) NEWS-SUN*

his best "It is one of the best he has ever written. It combines an unusual, interest-sustaining plot with psychological insight that at times comes near to being profound."—*N. Y. DAILY NEWS*

shudder "It is a breathless book . . . will give the intelligent reader that fascinated shudder which is so hard to find once one has grown up."
—*SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE*

full of surprises "The plot is closely woven, full of surprises, and has depth as well as tenseness. Can safely be recommended to readers of crime stories, readers of Mr. Golding, and just readers."
—*THE NEW YORKER*

like one of Poe's "A brilliant technical performance, a story like one of Poe's."
—*BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS*

not a sedative "A tale whose dreadful shadow-people move through a slow nightmare as unreal and horrible as a dream under ether. Distinctly not a book to lend to insomniacs for a bed-time sedative."—*EL PASO HERALD-POST*

Farrar and Rinehart, 232 Madison Ave., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED